

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1865

--	--	--	--

DEFECTIVE PAGE

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

1864. FALL & WINTER. 1865.

MARK WILLSON

Is now receiving a large assortment of

Seasonable Merchandise,

purchased during the recent panic in

New York City. Among the stock is

Ladies' Dress Goods, in Great Variety,

Merinos, Mohairs,

Paramettes, Alpaccas,

Prints, Plaids,

Delaines, Etc., Etc.

A nice assortment of

Black and Colored Silks.

A large stock of

Domestic Goods,

Flannels,

Gloves,

Blankets,

Shawls,

Ladies' Cloaks,

Clothing for Men and Boys,

Boots and Shoes,

Furs,

Family Groceries,

Crockery,

The assortment is large and general in

every department, selected with special

reference to this market with care. We

will continue to adhere to the ready pay

system, believing it best for our customers.

Purchasers desiring to save twenty-five

per cent will not fail to examine the present

stock. No trouble to show goods!

Enough said!

WILLSON'S GREAT CASH STORE,

Exchange Block, Hastings, Minn.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. E. EYRE,

(Successor to Eyre & Holmes.)

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and

Provisions,

Wooden and Willow Ware,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Tobacco and Cigars.

Call and see one of the best stocks

of goods in this market. Store corner

of Second and Ramsey Streets.

D. E. EYRE.

Hastings, Nov. 5, 1864. 30-11

DRAPER & BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

NAILS, FISH,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

and LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS.

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS.

GLASS & CHINA WARE,

FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swan's Bourbon Bitters,

Drake's Plantation Bitters, Binger's

Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and

Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled.

We solicit an examination of our large

stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 30-11

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND

AMBIOTYPES

The undersigned has established him

self in the rooms over Thorne, Norrish, &

C. Co.'s store where he is prepared to take

all kinds of Pictures in the best of styles

and at low rates. Call and examine spec-

imens.

E. A. BROWN, Photographer Artist.

Hastings, Jan. 1, 1864. 30-11

THE ROCK RIVER

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

CAPITAL, - \$500,000.

S. M. CHURCH, President.

ALLEN GIBSON, Secretary.

Insures against all loss or damage by

fire and lightning, thus affording the policy

LIST OF

Delinquent Taxes

in

DAKOTA CO., MINN.

For the year 1864.

Burnsville, T. 27, R. 21.

H. T. Wells lot 2

do lot 3

do lot 4

do lot 5

do lot 6

do lot 7

do lot 8

do lot 9

do lot 10

do lot 11

do lot 12

do lot 13

do lot 14

do lot 15

do lot 16

do lot 17

do lot 18

do lot 19

do lot 20

do lot 21

do lot 22

do lot 23

do lot 24

do lot 25

do lot 26

do lot 27

do lot 28

do lot 29

do lot 30

do lot 31

do lot 32

do lot 33

do lot 34

do lot 35

do lot 36

do lot 37

do lot 38

do lot 39

do lot 40

do lot 41

do lot 42

do lot 43

do lot 44

do lot 45

do lot 46

do lot 47

do lot 48

do lot 49

do lot 50

do lot 51

do lot 52

do lot 53

do lot 54

do lot 55

do lot 56

do lot 57

do lot 58

do lot 59

do lot 60

do lot 61

do lot 62

do lot 63

do lot 64

do lot 65

do lot 66

do lot 67

do lot 68

do lot 69

do lot 70

do lot 71

do lot 72

do lot 73

do lot 74

do lot 75

do lot 76

do lot 77

do lot 78

do lot 79

do lot 80

do lot 81

do lot 82

do lot 83

do lot 84

do lot 85

do lot 86

DESCRIPTION.

Sec. Amt.

O. H. Barnes h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

DESCRIPTION.

Sec. Amt.

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

do h. of neqr

THE HASTINGS CONSERVER

[illegible]

Continued Supplement

STANLEY'S SUPPLEMENT.

Continued From Page.				Continued From Page.			
Lot.	Lot.	Lot.	Lot.	Lot.	Lot.	Lot.	Lot.
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116
117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124
125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132
133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140
141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148
149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156
157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164
165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172
173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180
181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188
189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196
197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204
205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212
213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220
221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228
229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236
237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244
245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252
253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260
261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268
269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276
277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284
285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292
293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300
301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308
309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316
317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324
325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332
333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340
341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348
349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356
357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364
365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372
373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380
381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388
389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396
397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404
405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412
413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420
421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428
429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436
437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444
445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452
453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460
461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468
469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476
477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484
485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492
493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500
501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508
509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516
517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524
525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532
533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540
541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548
549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556
557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564
565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572
573	574	575	576	577	578	579	580
581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588
589	590	591	592	593	594	595	596
597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604
605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612
613	614	615	616	617	618	619	620
621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628
629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636
637	638	639	640	641	642	643	644
645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652
653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660
661	662	663	664	665	666	667	668
669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676
677	678	679	680	681	682	683	684
685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692
693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700
701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708
709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716
717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724
725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732
733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740
741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748
749	750	751	752	753	754	755	756
757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764
765	766	767	768	769	770	771	772
773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780
781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788
789	790	791	792	793	794	795	796
797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804
805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812
813	814	815	816	817	818	819	820
821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828
829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836
837	838	839	840	841	842	843	844
845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852
853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860
861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868
869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876
877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884
885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892
893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900
901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908
909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916
917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924
925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932
933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940
941	942	943	944	945	946	947	948
949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956
957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964
965	966	967	968	969	970	971	972
973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980
981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988
989	990	991	992	993	994	995	996
997	998	999	1000	1001	1002	1003	1004
1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010	1011	1012
1013	1014	1015	1016	1017	1018	1019	1020
1021	1022	1023	1024	1025	1026	1027	1028
1029	1030	1031	1032	1033	1034	1035	1036
1037	1038	1039	1040	1041	1042	1043	1044
1045	1046	1047	1048	1049	1050	1051	1052
1053	1054	1055	1056	1057	1058	1059	1060
1061	1062	1063	1064	1065	1066	1067	1068
1069	1070	1071	1072	1073	1074	1075	1076
1077	1078	1079	1080	1081	1082	1083	1084
1085	1086	1087	1088	1089	1090	1091	1092
1093	1094	1095	1096	1097	1098	1099	1100
1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108
1109	1110	1111	1112	1113	1114	1115	1116
1117	1118	1119	1120	1121	1122	1123	1124
1125	1126	1127	1128	1129	1130	1131	1132
1133	1134	1135	1136	1137	1138	1139	1140
1141	1142	1143	1144	1145	1146	1147	1148
1149	1150	1151	1152	1153	1154	1155	1156
1157	1158	1159	1160	1161	1162	1163	1164
1165	1166	1167	1168	1169	1170	1171	1172
1173	1174	1175	1176	1177	1178	1179	1180
1181	1182	1183	1184	1185	1186	1187	1188
1189	1190	1191	1192	1193	1194	1195	1196
1197	1198	1199	1200	1201	1202	1203	1204
1205	1206	1207	1208	1209	1210	1211	1212
1213	1214	1215	1216	1217	1218	1219	1220
1221	1222	1223	1224	1225	1226	1227	1228
1229	1230	1231	1232	1233	1234	1235	1236
1237	1238	1239	1240	1241	1242	1243	1244
1245	1246	1247	1248	1249	1250	1251	1252
1253	1254	1255	1256	1257	1258	1259	1260
1261	1262	1263	1264	1265	1266	1267	1268
1269	1270	1271	1272	1273	1274	1275	1276
1277	1278	1279	1280	1281	1282	1283	1284
1285	1286	1287	1288	1289	1290	1291	1292
1293	1294	1295	1296	1297	1298	1299	1300
1301	1302	1303	1304	1305	1306	1307	1308
1309	1310	1311	1312	1313	1314	1315	1316
1317	1318	1319	1320	1321	1322	1323	1324
1325	1326	1327	1328	1329	1330	1331	1332
1333	1334	1335	1336	1337	1338	1339	1340
1341	1342	1343	1344	1345	1346	1347	1348
1349	1350	1351	1352	1353	1354	1355	1356
1357	1358	1359	1360	1361	1362	1363	1364
1365	1366	1367	1368	1369	1370	1371	1372
1373	1374	1375	1376	1377	1378	1379	1380
1381	1382	1383	1384	1385	1386	1387	1388
1389	1390	1391	1392	1393	1394	1395	1396
1397	1398	1399	1400	1401	1402	1403	1404
1405	1406	1407	1408	1409	1410	1411	1412
1413	1414	1415	1416	1417	1418	1419	1420
1421	1422	1423	1424	1425	1426	1427	1428
1429	1430	1431	1432	1433	1434	1435	1436
1437	1438	1439	1440	1441	1442	1443	1444
1445	1446	1447	1448	1449	1450	1451	1452
1453	1454	1455	1456	1457	1458	1459	1460
1461	1462	1463	1464	1465	1466	1467	1468
1469	1470	1471	1472	1473	1474	1475	1476

U S F I L M I N S T I T U T E

MAOI 02-1

THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 40, PART 1, 1910
PUBLISHED BY THE INSTITUTE
21, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

100-443887-100

1970

[illegible]

1861 1861
W. L. T. K. A. L. L.
Booker T. Washington
1861 1861

This is a scan of a blank page from a document. The paper has a light beige or off-white color with some minor texture and faint vertical lines visible, possibly from the scanning process or the original paper's grain. There is no text, handwriting, or printed matter on the page.

[Faint, illegible text from bleed-through]

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

1864. FALL & WINTER. 1865.

MARK WILLSON

Is now receiving a large assortment of

Seasonable Merchandise,

purchased during the recent panic in

New York city. Among the stock is

Ladies' Dress Goods, in Great Variety,

Marinos, Mohairs,

Paramattas, Alpaccas,

Poplins, Glains,

Prints, Delains, Etc., Etc.

A nice assortment of

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.

A large stock of

Domestic Goods,

Flannels,

Blankets,

Shawls,

Ladies' Cloaks,

Clothing for Men and Boys,

Hats and Shoes,

Furs,

Family Groceries,

Crockery,

The assortment is large and general in

every department, selected with special

reference to this market, with care. We

will continue to adhere to the ready pay

system, believing it best for all parties.

Purchasers desiring to save twenty-five

per cent will not fail to examine the pres-

ent stock. No trouble to show goods.

Enough said! 30-000-

WILLSON'S CHEAP CASH STORE,

Exchange Block, Hastings, Minn.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. E. EYRE.

(Successor to Eyre & Holmes).

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and

Provisions.

Wooden and Willow Ware,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Tobacco and Cigars.

Call in and see one of the best stocks

of goods in this market. Store corner of

Second and Ramsey Streets.

D. E. EYRE.

Hastings, Nov. 3, 1864. 30-0-

D. HAPPEL & BALLARD.

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

and LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

GLASS & QUEEN'S WARE,

FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swain's Bourbon Bitters,

Drake's Plantation Bitters, Binger's

Old London Gin and fine Old Bourbon and

Rye Whiskeys.

Orders from the country carefully filled.

We solicit an examination of our large

stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 30-0-

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND

AMBROTYPES!

The undersigned has established him-

self in the room over Thorne, Norrish, &

Co.'s store where he is prepared to take

all kinds of Pictures in the best of styles

and at low rates. Call and examine spec-

imens.

E. A. BRACH, Photographer.

Hastings, Jan. 3, 1865. 30-0-

THE ROCK RIVER

FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

CAPITAL, - \$500,000.

S. M. CHURCH, President.

ALLEN GIBSON, Secretary.

Insures against all loss or damage by

fire and lightning, thus affording the pol-

THE HASTINGS CONSERVATOR.

Delinquent Taxes

IN

DAKOTA CO., MINN.

For the year 1864.

Burnsville, T. 27, R. 21.

Description. Sec. Amt.

O. H. Barnes h. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

James K. Smith h. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

Description. Sec. Amt.

O. H. Barnes h. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

James K. Smith h. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

Description. Sec. Amt.

O. H. Barnes h. of nw 1/4

15.00

John V. Woods pt. of nw 1/4

15.00

THE HASTINGS CONSERVER,

[illegible]

Continued Supplement.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

The Indian Outbreak.

A new gunpowder has been discovered in Germany, which has three times the explosive force, and costs only half as much as the powder now in use. The principal materials are resin and chlorate of potash.

The Cherokee marriage ceremony is very impressive—a man and woman joining hands over running water, indicating that their lives are to flow on in one stream.

There is to be a new paper at Richmond, Va., called *The Republic*, with the motto, "No North, no South, no East, no West."

The free banks of Indiana are rapidly retiring their circulation. Nearly one hundred thousand dollars of their scrip has been burned at Indianapolis, at the state auditor's office, during the past week, and it is expected that the free bank issues are destroyed. The blank notes never issued will also be destroyed together with the plates, preparatory to the complete winding up of their business as banks of issue.

COFFEE, Java, - - - - -
do Rio, - - - - - 40c

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Whiskers. Whiskers.

Do you want whiskers or moustache
Our Grecian Compound will force them
grow on the smoothest face or chin, or ha
on bald heads, in six weeks. Price \$1 00
Sent by mail anywhere, closely sealed, o
receipt of price.

Address, **WARNER & Co.,**

REMOVAL.—**DRAPER & BALL** have purchased the balance of **W. F. FRENCH's** stock, and will remove to the store occupied by him, two doors above their present stand. Purchasers will find a large supply of groceries, boots and shoes, clothing, liquors, etc., etc. Their new assortments of goods are daily arriving, and comprise one of the largest stocks in town. Give them a call.

If not told by druggists in your town, trial bottles will be sent to you by express upon receipt of one dollar by mail—thus giving you an opportunity at once of testing its excellent virtues.

Orders for trial bottles must be addressed to our general agent for the northwestern states, C. A. Cook, box 656 Chicago, Ill. All such orders will receive prompt attention.

R. P. HALL & Co.,
Proprietors, NASHUA, N. H.

The trade supplied at manufacturers' prices by FULLER, FISCH, & FULLER, Wholesale and Retail Druggists, 100 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,
Proprietors.
IRVING TODD. Wm. R. TODD.
Office Over the Bank of Hastings
Exchange Block, Second Street.

Newspaper By-Laws.

The following pithy code of newspaper by-laws are the best we have seen drawn up. We have laid many contributions aside, owing to their excessive length and staleness. Remember, brevity is the soul of expression:

1. Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it.
2. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. If a drowsy subject. Let the reader do his own reasoning.
3. Eschew profanity. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer into cold water.
4. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine or "hit-falutin," draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.
5. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence.
6. When your article is finished, strike out nine tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, but won't bear much "reducing."
7. Avoid all long word language. The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stills when legs will do as well.
8. Make your sentences short—every period is a milestone, at which the readers may stop and rest himself.
9. Write legibly. Don't let your manuscript look like the tracks of a spider half-drowned in ink. We shall mistake anybody for a genius, though he write as crabbedly as Napoleon.

A Richmond correspondent relates the following anecdote of J. D., which it vouches for as authentic:

Previous to the evacuation of the city, Davis and his wife, accompanied by Secretary Mallory and Col. Ould and Hatch, indulged in a pleasure trip down the James to the rebel fleet, during which "J. D." became grossly inebriated. The party landed at Rocketts, and on their way home passed Libby Prison. Forgetting in his maudlin state the respect due to the rebel sentinel posted on the walk in front of the prison, he pompously ordered him aside, but was promptly brought up by a bayonet of the sentinel, who informed him that no one was allowed to pass his post. Davis continued to order him aside, and at last the sentinel, becoming indignant, drew his musket to his shoulder and was in the act of pulling the trigger when implored to desist by Mrs. Davis, who threw her arms around his neck and told him that it was the President who desired to pass. "Don't care a damn who it is," replied the sentinel, "I have my orders and can allow no one to pass." The result was that Mr. J. D. finally concluded, unlike the good Samaritan, to "pass by on the other side."

Among the many sudden changes of the last few days in prices is very striking. We can scarcely realize, seeing so many cents for so many dollars, and then the occasional clink of silver almost astounds our ears, so long unaccustomed to such sounds. And yet there has been nothing but a market; but bacon, formerly \$10 per pound, can now be had for 10 cents. Coffee is 50 cents per pound, instead of \$30, and so on. These figures seem strange to us, and it will take some days to become familiarized with them, but no doubt we shall become adapted to them with wonderful facility. It is something agreeable to learn, and we shall prove apt scholars. Greenbacks, with a sprinkling of coin, have already made their appearance among our citizens, and we feel that we have money once more in our midst. The feeling is rather an agreeable one. Instead of bringing our money to market in a basket and carrying home our purchases in our pocket, we expect to reverse the order. In fact, stationery no longer stares us in the face as it did, and we feel a sense of security we have not felt before in a long time. —*Raleigh Progress.*

The Assassination.

The Washington correspondent of *The Pittsburg Commercial* says: "We hear it stated that on the night of the assassination, there were in the theatre over one hundred persons who had direct or indirect knowledge of what was to happen. Many of those persons had a victim selected, but their part of the murder failed, from the fact that the person selected to turn off the gas at the crack of Booth's pistol, from some cause or other failed to perform his part. If the gas had been turned off, Booth would have escaped recognition. Had Grant been there he would have fallen an easy victim. Booth did not expect the failure of the person to turn off the gas, and, after the deed was done, had to make the most of it."

The emperor Napoleon's Life of Julius Caesar is scarcely published before it is followed, in Paris, by a "Life of Napoleon III. by Julius Caesar." It is reported that this work has for its motto the first sentence of Napoleon's famous preface: "Historic truth ought to be no less sacred than religion." French wits are asking whether the emperor will venture to proscribe a book issued under the illustrious name of his hero.

Applications for national banks at Richmond, Petersburg, Savannah, and Charleston, have already been made to the treasury department.

Young ladies who refuse a good offer are too knowing by half.

The Scarlet Geranium.

There it stood in the old farmhouse window, its cluster of blossoms glowing like spots of flame, and the velvet green of its broad leaves expanding with almost tropical luxuriance of growth. No petted favorite of the greenhouse ever thrived more determinedly, for it took its stand on the good old democratic platform, and grew just as vigorously in that low-ceiled room as if it were the conservatory of a ducal palace!

The fire in the chimney leaped and flared, and the uncertain gusts of wind that wafted round the lonely house, and sent the red leaves whirling like flights of tropic birds down the road. The sky was gray and cheerless, save where a belt of lurid gold above the western woods marked the coming of the sullen November sunset. And an indescribable something of the contagious melancholy in earth, air and sky, seemed to have drifted down on Anne Wilton's heart as she lay on the chintz-covered sofa beside the fire, her large brown eyes half closed, and the needle lying idly in the delicate strip of ruffling with which she had been mechanically busying herself.

Was she pretty, do you ask me? Well, that depends entirely upon one's idea of prettiness. Of color, freshness, rosy bloom, she had none. Deeper, like a pale anemone, a fragile violet, or a colorless statue beautiful? Of all these things Anne Wilton might have remained one, as she lay there, white and still, the brown braids falling around her oval cheek, and the small hands crossed upon her breast.

My goodness, Anne, the fire's all going out, and here you are half asleep!" Anne opened her eyes, and became cognizant of the bustling presence of a rosy dimpled damsel, with cheeks like winter apples, and black, roguish eyes, who threw fresh wood upon the brass fire-dogs, gave the hearth-rug an adjusting shake, and bustled round the room with infectious activity.

"Better, to-night, Anne?" she asked, suddenly pausing beside the chintz sofa, as the bird might light abruptly on the branch of a tree—for she was not unlike a bird in her quick motions and careless grace, this bright-eyed little maiden.

"I shall be better very soon, Grace," said the sick girl evasively, taking Anne Warren's rosy fingers in her own transparent palm. "Did you inquire for letters at the post-office, as you came by?"

"Yes; but there was no letters, of course."

Anno was silent a moment, and the unshed tears trembled on her lashes. "Grace!" she said softly, "do you remember that it is three years to-day, since—since I left of course I do; and I'm not a bit of patience when I remember it. To think how he has thrown us all aside, the friends of his youth and poverty; like outgrown garments, now that he has become a prosperous lawyer and a famous man! And he has even forgotten you, Anne, his promised wife!"

"Hush, dear, there was no formal engagement between us."

"I don't care!" ejaculated Grace with sparkling eyes, "the compact was none the less sacred in Heaven's eyes; and if Alfred Courtenay marries that rich heiress people talk about—don't turn so pale, Anne—surely the room is too warm. Shall I call your mother?"

"No, I am better now," said Anne, trying to smile. "It was only a momentary faintness."

"I know what it is!" said Grace, nodding her head emphatically. "Doctor Jay always said it was not healthy to keep that large geranium in the window. Those spreading branches and clusters of flowers absorb every fresh breath of air. Let me take it up stairs, Anne!"

"Not for the world, dear!" said Anne earnestly. "I would not miss the sight of its cheerful flowers for anything earthly can give. Alfred brought it to me when it was a little sprig scarcely two inches high, and he always used to say that its bright blossoms in the window seemed like a welcome to him, in the winter evenings, when—"

Anno's voice broke down here, and she turned her cheek to the pillow, crying quietly. Grace said nothing only stroked her friend's brown hair with a touch that was full of unspoken sympathy. She knew that tears were Anne's best medicine just then.

An so we leave the two young girls in the red glimmer of the firelight, and the chill gleam of the November sunset, and turn to a far different scene.

Mrs. Montague Frances was "at home"—"at home" amid blazing candles, hot-house japonicas, and gilded ceilings—to her dear five hundred friends in broads and jewels. The brown stone mansion was in a glow from attic to basement—long lines of carriages were setting down the fashionable world at the carpeted doorsteps, and the band had just struck up a mazurka, when Mr. Courtenay lounged into the salon.

"There's your fascinating young lawyer, Madelon!" whispered a blooming matron in black velvet and diamonds, and Madelon Frances turned her stately head, while the deep rose color suffused her cheek and brow.

The hostess' beautiful daughter was a brilliant brunette—the liquid softness of her jet-black eyes, and clear skin, made you think of some glowing Spanish picture, while there was something almost imperial in the curve of her small, rosebud mouth. Her dress was of simple white muslin, without a solitary ornament, and amid the shining profusion of her raven curls were twisted two or three vivid blossoms of scarlet geranium.

Nor was she the only one in the throng who noticed Courtenay's entrance. A "rising man," his brilliant talents had already constituted him somewhat of a "lion" in metropolitan

circles, and he was greeted on all sides with welcoming words. "Here comes Courtenay—wonder when he means to propose!" languidly remarked an exquisitely dressed sprig of the *jeunesse dorée*.

"Propose to whom?" asked his companion.

"Why, to Miss Madelon, of course; it is pretty plain that she likes him, and he would be a fool to hesitate at the chance of obtaining a beautiful wife and a fortune at the same time. Lucky fellow that!"

"Well, I, for one, never could see what the ladies find to admire in Courtenay," remarked the other, misanthropically, lowering her voice as the gentleman in question passed by. "Hullo! what's the matter? He isn't sick, is he?"

For Courtenay had paused suddenly, with a strange pallor overspreading his cheek, as his eye fell upon Miss Frances' beautiful profile.

"Tell me," he said, turning to Colonel Anderson, who stood close by, and speaking in a husky whisper, "what flower is that Miss Frances wears in her hair?"

"Flower?" repeated Anderson, leaning a little forward to get a glimpse of the young lady spoken of, "Why—scarlet geranium, of course, and very becoming it is to her Andalusian style! But you are not ill, Courtenay? Shall I get you a glass of wine?"

"No—I am perfectly well," returned Courtenay, speaking in a strange, unnatural tone.

For an instant the brilliant confusion of the ball-room seemed to have ebbed from sight, and he saw only the wide old farmhouse kitchen, with its low ceiling and the blazing logs upon the hearth, and—oh! best remembered of all—Anne Wilton's seraph face, half visible among the scarlet geranium blossoms, as she gazed down the darkening road, watching for his coming form! All the mists of sophism and worldly pride melted from around his breast, and he saw himself as he was—a restless lover—a cold-blooded deceiver!

"It is not too late," he murmured inwardly. "Great heavens!" and could it be possible that I could have contemplated marrying a woman I never loved, merely for her wealth and position? Oh, Anne, my first and only love, help me to prove true to myself and thee."

"Going, Courtenay? and so early? Why have you not even spoken to Miss Frances?" ejaculated Colonel Anderson, in astonishment, as his friend turned to leave the room.

"I must go—I have just remembered business of the utmost importance," said Courtenay, in hurried and constrained accents. "Make my excuses to the ladies—and my adieu, also, if you will be so kind, Colonel; I find myself obliged to leave town for an indefinite period of time."

Before Colonel Anderson could recover breath to ask the meaning of this strange freak, Alfred Courtenay had left the room and the house, and the scarlet stars of the Scarlet Geranium, even as of old!

"I accept the omen," he murmured, once more striding forward. "If she had taken it away, I should have felt that my place in her heart was justly forfeited—now I am reassured."

Softly—softly his footsteps fell on the gray downstone and the worn threshold softly his hand touched the latch.

The fire flashed up, as he entered the room, so that he could see Anne's brown hair drooping around her head, as she sat with her back to him, wearily trying to read. The latch slipped from his touch and clicked warningly.

"Grace, is it you?"

"There was no answer, and Anne turned round in surprise. Another instant and the light years of waiting loomed and disappointment were all forgotten, upon Alfred Courtenay's breast.

When Grace Warren came in, rosy with her frosty walk, she scarcely recognized pale, fragile Anne Wilton in the blushing, smiling girl who sat there beside the tall visitor. Happiness is a better physician than all the M. D.'s in creation.

And when Anne Wilton was married, her young friends all marvelled that instead of orange buds, or white jessamine, she wore in her soft curls only the blossoms of the scarlet geranium. When they questioned her on the subject, she answered simply:

"It is Alfred's favorite flower."

The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections, rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expression of their inner selves, makes them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake? They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflustered, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fullness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

Let us so order our conversation in the world that we may live when we are dead in the affections of the best, and leave an honorable testimony to the consciences of the worst.

First Impressions.

"The bridge broken? How provoking!"

And Barbara Lynn leaned from the carriage window to speak to the brown faced boy who had volunteered the above piece of distasteful information.

"Yes, ma'am—the freshest carried the timbers clean away, day before yesterday."

"How are we to get across? We are going to visit Miss Stapleton, at Stapleton Park."

"They keep a ferryman there with a little boat—he'll take you across; and if you'll drive around by uncle Ezra's, he'll send your trunks by the mountain road."

"Very well. Driver follow the boy's directions."

Close under a green sweep of a clump of water-willows lay a little boat, fastened by a rope to the upright post, which alone remained of the destroyed bridge, and tenanted by one man in a picturesque straw hat, whose broad brim shadowed his face altogether.

"His reading, I declare, instead of minding his business and looking after passengers. A literary ferryman," sneered Eda Carson.

Miss Barbara made no verbal comment, but walked resolutely down to the landing, and aroused the absorbed boatman from his studies with the point of her parasol.

"Bring your boat around," she said quite sharply, "we want to cross the river. Be quick!"

The boatman pushed back his broad-brimmed straw hat with a look half puzzled, half amused, that made Barbara Lynn turn towards her companion with the petulant remark—

"I believe he's an idiot!"

"Where do you wish to go, ladies?" asked the man when they had safely bestowed their multitudinous furbes upon the seats, not without many complaints at the smallness of the accommodations.

"To Stapleton Park landing," as the oars flashed through the bright sparkling water, Eda Carson gave a sigh of grief.

"Well, we shall soon be there I hope. If you had only written, Barbara, Miss Stapleton would have sent some one to meet us—perhaps that astonishing brother of hers."

"Yes," said Barbara, curling her lip, "and a nice first appearance we should have made, tired and dusty, with our dresses all crumpled and our hair uncured. For I choose to meet Harry Stapleton *en grande toilette* when I do meet him. Everything depends on first impressions you know."

Eda put up her little hand to hide a yawn.

"And you really mean to captivate him?"

"I mean to try."

"How do you know he will make a good husband?"

"What difference does that make? He's rich."

The boatman stepped on shore, and, doffing his hat pointed to a superb gray stone mansion, whose gables and millions gleamed through groups of trees just beyond, saying—

"There is Stapleton Park, ladies—you will have no difficulty in finding it."

Barbara started a piece of silver to him.

"See that our trunks are sent up as soon as they arrive," she said, lothly.

"And now, girls, get ready for dinner as soon as you can," said Miss Stapleton, as she ushered her visitors into a dainty little dressing room all paneled in oak and gold green, with curtains of pale green silk, and mirrors that reached from ceiling to floor. "I have a delightful party of guests staying here, and I wish you both to look as lovely as possible. Remember our old school compact. Barbara—you are to captivate Harry."

Barbara did look lovely as she entered the drawing room—where lights and flowers and delicious perfumes made a sort of fairy land—dressed in rose colored tulle caught up with bouquets of moss-rose buds fastened in her glossy brown curls as carelessly as if it had fallen from the vine. Eda was pretty too, in white muslin and lilacs, but Eda's beauty was to Barbara as a twilight to sunshine—pearl to the imperial diamond. Annie Stapleton's eyes brightened with a sort of admiring pride as she came forward, leaning on a gentleman's arm, to greet her guests.

"Miss Lynn—my brother, Mr. Stapleton."

Barbara's cheeks blazed into scarlet as in the calm glance of the gentleman bowing before her she recognized the dark blue eyes that had shadowed so quizzically beneath the headpiece of the ferryman's straw hat—she could not have spoken to save her life, but Harry was less embarrassed.

"We have met before," he said, with a half smile. "It was my first appearance in the role of ferryman. I hope it gave satisfaction. Everything depends on first impressions, you know. Pardon me for not disclosing my name, Miss Lynn, but your orders were to imperatively give me to do so."

He stopped abruptly, for Barbara, overcome with shame and mortification, had fainted away in his sister's arms.

Then and there ended all her hopes of ever becoming the lady of Stapleton Park. Alas! what radiant visions a throw!

Next to the family altar comes in influence upon the household the family library. It is a strong bond of union to its members. Seated among the companionship of the pure, the wise, the good of all ages, with philosophy to instruct, religion to sanctify, and wit to enliven, must not be the most useful and pleasing of the whole life!

Washington. Providence left him childless that a nation might call him father.

Religion.

The religion that the world is dying for is not a treasure, valued and cherished, under a glass case in the best room, carefully dusted, and visible only on days of great festival. We want a religion that is an atmosphere, wrapping us about above and below; going down into the lungs in deep-drawn inspirations, to purify and energize; filtering into the blood, to tint and quicken; spreading out in the skin, to protect and adorn, piercing noxious cellars to dispel the noxious, death-dealing vapors; mounding into the parlors and bedrooms and kitchen, to keep them sweet and healthful; permeating and interpenetrating all things; a savor of life unto life.

We want a religion that softens the step and tone of the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke, a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate of friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late,—keeps the wife from feeling when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and door-mat,—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant,—amuses the children as well as instructs them,—wins as well as governs,—cares for servants, besides paying them money,—projects the honey moon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit; a religion that looks after the apprentice in the shop, and the clerk behind the counter, and the student in the office, with a fatherly care and a motherly love,—setting the solitary in families, introducing them to pleasant and wholesome society, that their lonely fate may not be led into temptations,—forgiving occasional lapses while striving to prevent them, and to supply, so far as may be, the place of the natural guardians by a vigilance that attracts without annoying.

We want a religion that shall interpose continually between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway of life, and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them. —*Gail Hamilton.*

Cheap Parlors.

The other day I had a glimpse of one of the costliest little parlors imaginable. It seemed the very centralization of genius and taste, coupled with the most surprising economy. It was the arrangement, the combination, the *tout ensemble*, that made the impression.

I have visited parlors lavish in wealth, in display, in magnificence. Carpeting from Turkey, statuary from Florence, tapestries from Persia, chandeliers of over-wrought massiveness, ottomans of silk—and all the ceteras of oriental indulgence and delicious waste. Yet to me they were far less attractive than the little parlor in question. They were oppressively grand, inharmoniously blended, stifling in their atmosphere. They were less home-like, less tasteful, less preferable.

The room was small, prepared with light paper of a small figure, and with a delicate sprinkling of gold. The bordering was narrow, blushing with rose of scarlet and crimson, and so natural that you thought you smelt their leaves tremble. Here and there were little ornaments of varnished leather-work, with an owl's head or something of the kind peering from brackets below and surmounted by tiny, but faultless, statues of plaster parrots. Several exquisite engravings, received in connection with magazine subscriptions, adorned the walls. The frames were of common pine, but cunningly hid from view by wrappings of pink tissue paper.

The what-not, upon which innumerable "little-or-nothings" were tastefully arranged, was of home manufacture; gilded roots varnished and ornamented with burr-work, and the shelves uniquely supported. The lounge was also home made, well stuffed and covered with chintz. The carpet was low-piled, but beautiful in colors and designs, and corresponding with the general arrangement of the room. The chairs were unpretentious; but, instead of being pushed against the walls square and prim, stood free and faced out obliquely. The centre-table was of white pine, covered with pictures grave and gay, artistically transferred upon varnished card-board—the work of the good lady of the house. The following is the inventory of this inviting boudoir:

Center-table.....\$4 00
Lounge....." 5 00
Chair....." 2 00
Chairs....." 10 00
Rocking-chair....." 6 00
Chest-dresser....." 25 00
Billiard....." 2 00

The house made articles are only valued at the cost of the material employed. The summary shows at what a small cost taste, genius, and labor can furnish a room—one that will be handsome, cozy, comfortable, though perhaps not strictly fashionable. —*F. H. Stauffer, in Home Magazine.*

The word "Bogus" is a corruption of the name of one "Borghese," a very corrupt individual, who, twenty years ago, or more, did a tremendous business in the way of supplying the great West, and portions of the Southwest, with a vast amount of counterfeit bills, and bills on fictitious banks, which he had an extensive trade.

The Western people, who are rather rapid in their talk, when excited, soon fell into the habit of shortening the Norman name of Borghese to the more handy one of "Bogus"; and his bills, and all other bills of like character, were universally styled by them "bogus currency." By an easy and not very unnatural process of extension, or metaphorical tendency, the word is now occasionally applied to other fraudulent papers, such as sham mortgages, bills of sale, conveyances, etc.

About Flies.

Flies do not breathe, like men, through the mouth, but through a set of holes in the abdomen, called stigmata, or spiracles. By these, the air passes into beautifully-constructed tubes, called trachea, or windpipes. The spiracles are furnished with a curious contrivance to prevent dust from entering. The hole is closed by a sort of sieve or screen, which must be seen to be appreciated. A drawing gives you some idea of its nature, but the real thing is far better; and as not every one is up to such minute manipulations, recourse should be had to microscopic preparations, which are furnished at a reasonable rate by A. Madio, of Throgmorton Street, London, and other first-rate opticians. Beside the compound eye, the antennae, the foot, and the spiracles, the proboscis of a fly is a thing to wonder at. It is more complicated than the trunk of an elephant. A portion of this proboscis acts as a lip; in addition to its lancets, a fly has teeth—yes, real teeth, like notched chisels, and as plain as pike staves, if you only know where to look for them.

With these claims on our interest, we can hardly be surprised that, in countries not too much infested with them, flies should have had their patrons and protectors. Not to mention the Indian hospital for insects, a compassionate *Dave* is described as delighted to save drowning flies that float along the stream.

A toper invites a jolly fly to take a cheerful drop with him:

Beer, beer, sweet fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.

Uncle Toby had not the heart to retaliate on a fly. "Go," says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had tormented him cruelly all dinner-time. "Go," says he, lifting up the ash and opening his hand to let it escape; "go, poor devil—get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me."

Shandean forbearance would be very well, if the flies would all agree to go one way, and let us go another. But they are far too tenacious of their rights to make any such bargain. As insects are the first colonists of desert islands, so they will be the last inhabitants, picking the bones of the last human survivor. Intrusiveness is the peculiar characteristic of flies, from the flies that buzz about the sick man's chamber, to the flies that commit suicides by hundreds in cream-jugs, honey-pots, and treacle-tubs. Who was it that made a brazen fly which, when wound up, went bounding about the room like any other free and easy fly? There was no need to make flies more brazen than they are. They impudently intrude themselves at the feasts of the gentry and nobility; even of the very pope himself, who is always supposed to dine alone.

Flies, unfortunately, cannot be persuaded to leave either ourselves or our domestic animals at peace. The humming of a fly, says Pascal, will disturb the thoughts of the greatest philosopher. Woman's temper is especially apt to be put out by these winged nuisances. They make our horses restive and skittish; they tease our cows into a fever, cutting off, at the fountain head, a proper supply of butter and cheese. They prevent our sheep from fitting, and our cold meat from keeping. They defile our picture frames, furniture, and paper hangings. They worry nurses and hospital doctors to death, by preventing sleep, converting patients into living prey, and changing curable wounds into incurable sores.—Academies, learned societies, and institutions, would be doing no more than their duty if they offered prizes for the discovery of effectual and practical modes of destroying every fly that dares enter any dwelling-house, stable, or hospital. We can quite understand the savage pleasure the Emperor Domitian took in killing flies, although, as an imperial hobby, he carried it a little too far. The saying—"Who is with the emperor?" "Nobody; not even a fly," commemorates his skill as a fly-killer.

What a Wife!

"A wife," says Mr. Lofly, in answer to the above question, "is a woman that belongs to a man. She's a pretty little creature, made to tickle his fancy, his vanity, and his self-love, and to laugh, and dance through his otherwise dull habitation. But, mind you, she must see that the house is kept in order; that the dinner is always well cooked; that buttons and the hose are all right; and that nothing in the whole household economy ever interferes with his comfort." Thus said Mr. Lofly; and now hear the response of Mr. Common Sense:

"Nay; but a wife is given neither for a toy nor for a servant, but for a steadfast friend. She is, indeed, a fount of joy and pleasure, such as, to a true heart, there is not elsewhere on earth; she is, indeed, the brightener of his house, and the wise and careful manager of his family—of her family—for what ever is his hers; and between wedded hearts the words mine and thine are impudence and absurdity. But she is, condescendingly, his adviser, his ever sympathizing friend—his able and most tender counselor. His strength even when his courage droops; she is the voice of God's love and comfort to him as he toils and struggles through this weary world. This is what a wife is, if she answers her Maker's ideal; but she is seldom found, alas! because man is so unworthy." Bravo, Common Sense!

There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingeniously, unsuspiciously full of kindness to brothers, babies, and every thing. They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dew drops of the morn. What a pity they should ever become women, flirts, and heartless coquettes.

Serpents, they say, have power to charm. I have probably learned the art in her famous interview with the serpent in the garden, and taught it to her daughters, and so womanhood are charming.

Why should the hoe be made the whipping post for so many blunt edged scythes, axes, knives, and other tools? As dull as a hoe! May a farmer work the year through with a hoe whose edge is thicker than an old-fashioned copper, when a few minutes turning of the grindstone would put it in good working order.

A sharp hoe saves time and strength, and does one work better than a dull one. No farmer will mow ordinarily longer than a day, without grinding his scythes; why not always keep an edge also upon the hoe?

AGRICULTURAL.

Economizing Space.

It is better economy to cultivate five acres thoroughly than to murder fifty agriculturally. Instead of expending our ambition and energy on the greatest possible area, scrambled over, let us persuade our pride to crop out in producing maximum yields from minimum surfaces.

In our corn-fields—where we are not Missourians or "sucker" farmers, counting our mowed acres by the hundreds, let us drop in every hill a couple of some of the better sorts of climbing beans, and at every fourth hill a pumpkin seed. The cultivation of the main crop serves for the auxiliary ones, and the produce of bean and pumpkin vines will more than repay that, leaving the principal crop a clear gain.

Many of our vegetables are absolutely gainers by close connection with plants of another habit than their own. As for instance, potatoes and cabbages, onions and lettuce, cucumbers and radishes, peas and parsley, beets and bell peppers, egg plants and summer savory.

In the patch of potatoes, planted for early eating, after the last hoeing, set out winter savory, or other late cabbage, for the winter stock, planting them centrally between the potato hills, so that in digging the latter, the same draught of the hoe draws the cap of the hill, the very best fertilizer the cabbage can have to the plant, and the profitable occupation of the patch is perpetuated.

In planting cucumbers sprinkle in a few radish seeds of the finer sorts. The result will be famous radishes, and improved cucumbers. After the last weeding of onions, and the breaking down of the tops sown among them lettuce seed. A finer flavored onion and more crisp, tender lettuce will be the reward.

With beets, put it here and there, pepper seeds. Both vegetables will be improved in size and quality. Peas and parsley, though antagonistic in their habits, are

THE CONSERVER.

The Mystery of Iron.

There is no miracle recorded in the annals of any religion more mysterious, more incomprehensible, more inexplicable, than some well known properties of the simple metal iron. Consider, for instance, its change from its ordinary condition if immersed in nitric acid; it is powerfully acted upon, entering into a communication with the acid, and losing its metallic form. But if a piece of platinum wire has one end inserted in the acid, and the iron is then immersed in contact with the wire, it is so changed that the acid has no power upon it, and this condition continues after the platinum wire is withdrawn. The contact of a single point with the platinum sends a transformation through all its particles, which renders them invulnerable to the attacks of the most powerful acid.

Even more wonderful is its change under the influence of a current of electricity. When a bar of pure soft iron is welded with an insulated wire and a current of electricity is sent through the wire, the bar is instantly converted into a magnet. It is endowed with an unseen force which stretches out from its ends, and seizing any other piece of iron within its reach draws them to itself and holds them in an invisible grasp. The object of isolating the wire is to prevent the electricity from leaving it, and to exerted which changes so strongly the nature of the iron, enables it to act on substances with which it is not in contact. As soon as the circling current ceases, the iron becomes like Sampson shorn of its locks—its miraculous power has departed.

No less mysterious than either of these is the more familiar phenomenon of the fall of the piece of iron to the ground, under the simple action of gravitation. What is this invisible force which reaches out in all directions from the earth, and clutches all matter in its grasp? The fibres of this power are imperceptible to any of our senses. If we pass our hands under a suspended rod, we can feel nothing reaching from it to the earth, yet there is something stretching up from the earth, taking hold of the rod, and drawing it down with the strength of a hundred cables. We walk enveloped in mysteries, and our daily life is a miracle.—*Scientific American.*

The explorations of Dr. Adams among the cave deposits and alluvial soils of the Maltese islands have been lately crowned with such signal success that we think the public would be glad to be made acquainted with the leading facts. Captain Spratt, the indefatigable hydrographer of the Mediterranean, was the first to bring to light the remains of the remarkable fossil elephant of Malta (*elephas melitensis*) by his explorations in the Zebbug cave in 1859. Since that time Dr. Adams has been unremitting in his exertions to discover more traces of this extinct species, and has been fortunate enough to find them in many new localities in Malta. He has just met with his teeth in great quantities in a cavern near Crendi. In another gap, evidently at one time the bed of a torrent, he has found the teeth and bones of thirty more individuals. These skeletons of old and young elephants are met with jammed between large blocks of stone in a way that clearly shows that the carcasses must have been hurled into their present situations by violent floods or freshets. He has now brought together a complete skeleton of this wonderful little representative of an order of quadrupeds, to which we had, until the fossil Maltese elephant appeared, applied the word gigantic. There can be no doubt, however, that it scarcely exceeded a small pony in height. It is to be hoped that Dr. Adams will give a detailed account of his highly interesting discoveries to the scientific world.

Mr. Lincoln's grandfather, also named Abraham Lincoln, was murdered by an Indian in 1774, while at work on his farm near the Kentucky River. He left three sons, the eldest of whom, Thomas, was the father of the President. Thomas married in 1806 Nancy Hanks, a native of Virginia, and settled in Hardin County, where the President was born, February 12, 1809. In 1816 the family removed to Indiana. The great-grandfather of the President, emigrated from Perks County, Pa., to Rockingham County, in the Shenandoah Valley, Va., about 1750.

The proposed bridge which is to carry the South Wales and Great Western Direct Railway, in England, across the river Severn, near to Chester, is, according to the design of Messrs. Fowler and Fulton, the engineers, to be two miles and a quarter in length, and is to have sufficient headway to permit masts of ships of 122 feet in length to pass under when the surface of the river is the level of mean tide so as in no way to impede the navigation.

Rev. Dr. Brown, editor of *The American Baptist*, has in his possession the key of the notorious rebel prison, Castle Thunder. It was brought to New York by Rev. Solomon Gile, of Tolland, Conn., and it is intended to dispose of it by auction for the benefit of the orphans of our volunteers. The key is by no means a formidable-looking instrument, being about the size of our ordinary door-keys. It has apparently seen much service.

The government has full and detailed information concerning Jeff. Davis' bureau of torpedoes and infernal machines. Pictures of these deadly missiles were captured, and, among other devices, were torpedoes in the shape and appearance of lumps of steamer coal, so perfect in resemblance that it would not be readily distinguished from genuine coal. The existence of this infernal device confirms the belief that the steamer or Sultan was destroyed by torpedoes in her coal.

The Successor of Richard Cobden.

On the 18th of April, Mr. T. B. Potter was nominated, and the next day, probably elected, as member of Rochdale, the borough lately represented by Mr. Cobden. *The London Daily News* says: "Mr. Potter is known far and wide as not only by hereditary obligation a true liberal, but from his earliest manhood the friend and disciple of the wisest liberal thinkers and teachers. Nor is he known as the friend of successful causes only, as the fashion of the day is; nor as an apt representative of these middle-class electors who having won their rights, are satisfied to keep and not to share them with their unfranchised countrymen. His name is well and kindly known to the liberals of Italy as to the liberals of Manchester; and his return as a representative for Rochdale will be hailed with equal satisfaction as a pledge of peace and unity on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Bright, touched with singular grace one generous weakness in the character of his friend—his open handed charity. We were speaking the other day of that goodness of heart, which is in itself a sort of greatness. If report speaks true, the present liberal candidate of Rochdale resembles Mr. Cobden very nearly in those qualities of nature which are the charm and consolation of public men even more than of private life. But goodness and kindness are no titles to the confidence of electors. A man's friends, associates, and advisers—Cobden, Stuart Mill, Goldwin Smith—are better liberal sponsors on the hustings than ever so many personal merits, are no more ornament to public virtues."

The Price of Printing Paper. Gold has fallen from 290 to 181, but it is amusing how slow prices of commodities, which went up so quickly with coin, are to come down. Printing paper is one of the articles that rises slowly. It is five cents per lb. higher now than it was this time last year, and more than twice as high as in 1860. Good paper is now selling in this market at 20 to 21c—the same quality that we brought a year ago at 14 to 15c, and in 1861 at 9c to 9½c. Manufacturers say that rags are scarce and dear, and hence prices of paper keep up. It is true that rags are high and scarce, and labor is also high, but chemicals have declined largely, and this should affect the price of paper more than it has. It is our impression that, notwithstanding the efforts to keep up the price of printing paper, it must soon fall with gold, when newspaper publishers will be able to lower the price of subscription. The South must soon be open to trade, and that country is full of rags. In all probability the good old times of cheap rags, cheap paper, and cheap newspapers, are not far distant.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

One of the city colporteurs of Cincinnati some time ago, when engaged in distributing tracts among the poor, was weighed in about the town, met with an amusing incident. Coming to an isolated building of humble pretensions, he opened the door without the ceremony of knocking, saying to you accept a tract of the Holy Land? meaning the four pages of the letter-press he had in hand. The man of the house instantly replied: "Yes, be jabbers, a whole section if you give a good title; but I'd like to know if there be much fever and ague there for lother a poor devil?" The colporteur retreated.

A letter received at the state department from the American consul at Berlin pronounces untrue the report that counterfeit American bonds had been placed upon the market. The report was started at Berlin and industriously circulated in Frankfurt and other German cities where our securities were selling rapidly for the purpose of hindering their sale. A Prussian loan was in the market at the time, but dragged heavily, in consequence of the popularity of our bonds. The attempt to injure their sale, however, was unsuccessful. It can be positively stated that there are no counterfeits in Europe.

John Stuart Mill, the ablest thinker and writer on political economy living, in answer to some interrogatories recently put to him by the electors of Bristol, gave the following views upon the question of suffrage which place him in the advance rank of true democracy upon this point: "I would open the suffrage to all grown persons, both men and women, who can read, write, and perform a sum in the rule of three, and who have not, within some small number of years, received parish relief."

Jeff. Davis' tea set, which has been presented to President Johnson, is in the form of a locomotive with tender attached, and when the tea is ready, the whistle screams. The figure of a fireman vigorously rings the bell for supper, and a music box concealed in the tender plays eight popular airs. Altogether it is a unique affair.

The young men of Dixon, in Illinois, have organized a monument association, their design being to erect a costly monument to the memory of the soldiers from that city and vicinity who have fallen in the defense of the Union. A most laudable and commendable movement.

A man and his wife in Philadelphia quarrelled and fought, one with the poker, the other with the chair. When the daughter, who had gone into the cellar for some article for dinner, returned to the room, both her parents were lying speechless and dying, with their skulls fractured.

A pearl fishing enterprise is just announced in New York. A company chartered by that state, of which Mr. John Chadwick is president, has been organized with \$1,000,000 capital, for the purpose of gathering pearls and pearl shells on the Pacific coast. Their operations will be carried on by means of a submarine explorer of an improved construction, in some respects resembling the iron torpedo boats in use on the southern coast. From five to ten workmen go to the bottom in this boat; they move about at will, selecting the best locations and the richest deposits. They rise to the surface also at will, and bring with them the results of their labors. The vessel which forms part of the expedition, as a tender to the explorer, receives the shells upon its deck, where they are opened. The company propose to operate on the Pacific coast and the adjacent islands.

The only devil-worshippers known to exist are the Yezidis, a singular race of people living in Armenia. The Yezidis were formerly Christians, were then converted to Mahomedanism, and now, apparently disgusted with both faiths, have betaken themselves to diabolism. The theory of their priests is, that all things are the work of the devil, Satan, the chief of the angelic host, at present has a quarrel with God, yet a conciliation will hereafter take place, and he will be restored to his high rank in the celestial hierarchy. This is the foundation of their hope, and they consider themselves perfectly safe in trusting their destiny to it. Among such a people the profane phrase of "Go to the devil" would, of course, be considered an expression of good will.

A good story is told of a gallant brigadier who made a visit to the asylum for the deaf and dumb at Raleigh, N. C., and was so much delighted that he sent his hand over the same evening to serenade the inmates. The fact becoming known, he was importuned to invite the inmates of the blind asylum to see his next parade. His name being much the same as that of the great showman who lives near the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, we refrain from mentioning it, lest they be envious of one another.

The "free city" of Bremen, Germany, has earned its appellation. Upon the receipt of the news of our victory, the legislative body, which consists of a senate and general assembly, at the instance of the burgomaster, who is president of the senate, rose and gave three hearty and enthusiastic cheers. Bremen is noted for its love of freedom and universal emancipation, and has practically shown her sympathy with the free institutions of the United States by investing largely in its securities.

The Tribune's Washington special says the government is preparing to collect much of its postal revenue from delinquent delinquent postmasters. When the delinquency is complete, the portion of country through which this point of delinquency is mostly prairie, and consequently easily grazed. One very heavy cut or ten or fifteen miles from Rochester to be overcome.

The Fourth of July will be celebrated this year in Boston with great enthusiasm. There will be the usual morning concert on the common, regatta, ball, balloon ascensions, fireworks, and entertainments for the children. The military display, it is anticipated, will exceed any ever witnessed in Boston on such an occasion. The oration will be delivered in the music hall by the Hon. Chas. Sumner.

The Viceroi of Egypt has shut himself up in the fort the month of the Nile, with his mother, his eldest daughter, a part of his harem, and his astrologers. The latter, by a series of observations, are to consult the stars to know whether it is proper that the Viceroi should undertake the journey which he has long contemplated. If the reply is favorable, Ismail Pasha will set out about the middle of May on a visit to France and Europe.

From the report of the Franco-Polish committee it appears that 2,000 Polish are literally dying of hunger in Paris; several have been found in the Seine during the past week; three have been reported by the police as having died of hunger, and one general officer lived for fifteen days on cups of tea, and has since died of starvation.

An order has been issued by the secretary of war rescinding and annulling the executive order of Nov. 21st, 1862, prohibiting the exportation of arms and ammunition from the United States, and the executive order of May 13th, 1863, prohibiting the exportation of horses, mules, and live stock, as being no longer required by the public necessities.

A singular phenomenon in the shape of a lake of water has made its appearance in Center County, Pa., about three miles from a small place called Hornet, in the Allegheny tract, covering about one hundred acres of land, and varying in depth according to the irregularities of the ground, from ten to thirty feet—some say fifty feet.

The lofty plateau of Arlington has been converted into a national cemetery for the soldiers and seamen who died in or near Washington. It was opened for interment May 1st, 1864, and within a year 5,000 have been buried there. Its conversion into a cemetery renders it impossible that it can ever be used as a residence again.

The cavalry of the army of the Potomac and the south and westward are to be immediately reorganized and re-mounted to the number of 100,000 men, under the hero of the Shenandoah—gallant Phil Sheridan.

Enoch Arden in Winchmore.

The beautiful story of Enoch Arden has brought to light similar incidents in different parts of the country. Our own town has been the home of one who realized in her experience a history of like import. During the latter part of the revolutionary war there lived in New London a sea captain by the name of Sanford, with his wife and one child. They were united and happy in the family relations, and not until Captain Sanford had been gone ten years and all his other friends had abandoned all hopes of his return, did she cease to look for him. Then the news of the shipwreck and total loss of his vessel came, and she realized her widowhood as a sad reality. In course of time she married Mr. Reuben Miner, and became the mother of another child. One day, while at her spinning-wheel, the door opened and Capt. Sanford stood before her. His history was soon told; his vessel was indeed wrecked, but he with some of the crew were cast upon an outward-bound ship, so that years had passed in making voyages without his being in his power to return to his home. But the poor woman—what could she do! The husband of her youth and the husband of her mature life were both before her. Neither spoke one word of reproach, but consulted together in the most friendly manner as to what could be done. They then came to her and told her that they had concluded to leave to herself the decision as to which of them should be still considered her husband. They gave her twenty-four hours to decide. She went alone and spent the time in earnest thought and prayer; at the expiration of the time she asked Capt. Sanford if he would give up the sea and make his home on the land if she lived with him; this he could not do, and then she told Mr. Miner that she would remain with him on condition that he would leave his house in New London and remove to some inland town, where she would never be in danger of meeting Capt. Sanford when he was in port. This he gladly consented to do. Capt. Sanford left immediately on another voyage. Mr. Miner came to Winchmore and bought the farm now owned by Grant Griswold, which was then a wilderness and two miles from any settlement. Here they spent the remainder of their days. The son of Capt. Sanford, who removed here with them, settled in New Hartford. Mrs. Miner was greatly beloved—she was a lady of refinement and a true Christian.—*Winchester Herald.*

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA—Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present: Seagrave Smith, Judge. In the matter of the petition of William Tillingham for reasons set forth in said petition for a decree of this court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of Gottlieb Korfage, late of said county of Dakota, deceased, intestate, to make and execute a conveyance to said petitioner of the following described real estate lying and being situated in the county of Dakota aforesaid, to-wit: commencing at the south-east corner of the south-east quarter of section nine (9), in township twenty-seven (27) west, of range twenty-four (24) chains, thence north thirty-two degrees (32°), east eight chains and thirteen links, thence north thirty-four degrees east, three chains, and four links, thence east seventeen chains and fifty links, and thence south ten chains to the place of beginning.

On filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day. It is further ordered that the time and place of hearing said petition be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the *Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city of Hastings, once in each week for six successive weeks prior to said 20th day of June, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA—Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present: Seagrave Smith, Judge. In the matter of the petition of Sarah Mary Dow, the widow of Joseph F. Dow, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition to have John White appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the *Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 30th day of May, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—WE, THE

subscribers, being appointed by the honorable the probate court for the county of Dakota, and state of Minnesota, commissioners to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Ann C. Stanley, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited out of set hereto and six months from the 18th day of April 1865 being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do hereby give notice that we will attend to the business of our said appointment at the office of P. Hartshorn, in the city of Hastings, Minn., on the 10th day of June and the 18th day of October, 1865, from 10 o'clock in the forenoon until 4 o'clock in the afternoon on each said day.

Dated this 2nd day of May, A. D. 1865.

P. HARTSHORN, JAMES S. SEMPLE, Commissioners.

STRAY NOTICE.—TAKEN UP ON

the 24th day of December three-year old steers, one red and white, one black, one red, with a star in the forehead. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take the same away. S. B. DOLLORE, Siciota, Dakota Co., May 1865.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original notice filed in my office.

J. M. SCOTT, Clerk in and for the town of Siciota.

NOTICE OF VACATION OF TOWN

PLAT.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next term of the district court, in and for the county of Dakota, to vacate the town site of Dakota in said county a portion thereof.

Dated April 18th, 1865.

E. N. GRAY, Clerk.

A curious discovery has recently been made in attempting to repair the basement of Pompey's Pillar. A French engineer, having been appointed by the Viceroy of Egypt, to direct the work, caused a few of the loose stones forming the basement to be removed. It was soon found that the pillar rested entirely on a cube of very hard quartzose pudding-stone within the basement. This cube bore an inscription on its hieroglyphics, and was, in fact, the capital of a column belonging to one of the temples of Upper Egypt, conveyed thither for some purpose of serving for the base of the column. M. Mariette has deciphered the inscription, and found the name of Sesostris III., the father of the great Sesostris, mentioned in it; so that Pompey's Pillar, now 1,500 years old, rests on the fragment of a monument erected at least seventeen centuries before the Christian era. A new basement has been constructed, with a passage round the stone, so that visitors may inspect the hieroglyphics, and the whole has been raised in to protect the monument from deterioration.

Barnum has offered \$1,000 for the pillow of the bed on which the president died.

FOR THE EAST.

CHICAGO, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, AND ST. PAUL.

From all points on the Mississippi River To Madison, Janesville, Milwaukee, Chicago, and all points East and South.

Two express trains leave Prairie du Chien daily, connecting at Janesville with Chicago and North Western Railway through to Milwaukee or Chicago.

Without Change of Cars. Making direct connections at Milwaukee with Detroit & Milwaukee R. R. and steamship line. At Chicago with all trains for the East and South. The splendid steamers of the North Western Packet Line make sure connections at Prairie du Chien with morning express train, arriving at Milwaukee and Chicago in time to connect with trains for the East and South.

Passengers from points above La Crosse by this route get a full night's rest on the steamers and breakfast on board at a reasonable hour.

Through tickets to all important points can be obtained at all points on the river. Call for tickets via Prairie du Chien.

Fare as Low as by Any Other Route. Baggage checked through from Prairie du Chien to all important points.

E. P. BACON, Wm. Jarvis, Gen. Ticket Ag't, Superintendent. Van Auker & Langley, Agents. 60-1f

1864. BOOKS BOOKS 1864.

W. P. STANLEY, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Books, Stationery, Wall Paper TOYS, AND YANKEE NOTIONS.

Agent for the celebrated Florence Sewing Machine and Prince & Son's Melodeons. Hastings, Jan. 1, 1864. 39-1f

CLAIRVOYANCE. Madame Andrews

can be consulted at the Herndon House between the hours of 9 A. M. and 9 P. M.

TERMS. Past, present, and future. Consulting list of notes, property. 4-1f

Hastings, May 1, 1865. 4-1f

THORNE'S BANK.

Transacts a general Banking Business, deals in Eastern and Sterling Exchange, Bank Notes, Gold, Silver, etc., by Special attention given to collections.

J. L. THORNE, Banker. Hastings, Jan. 1, 1865. 42-1f

CHARLES B. LOWELL.

General Land Agent, Civil Engineer, and County Surveyor of Dakota County. Office in Gardner's stone block, corner Sibley Street and Levee.

Hastings, March 20, 1865. 61-1f

H. O. MOWERS, Surgeon Dentist, Hastings, Minn. Office north side Second Street, between Ramsey and Sibley Streets, over Thorne & Norrish's store. 32-1f

PIANO FORTES AND MELODEONS tuned and repaired by G. H. Nichols, Prescott, Wis. N. B. Particular attention paid to orders from abroad. 3-2m

DOG LICENSES FOR SALE IN QUANTITY to suit purchasers. Town clerks can supply themselves with a neatly printed blank at short notice. Send in your orders.

IRVING TODD & Bro. 5-1f

MRS. MARY TORRANCE.

Private Boarding House, Ramsey Street, Hastings, Minn. Boarders taken by the day or week, at reasonable rates. 32-1f

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Attorney at Law, Hastings, Minn. Office on First Street, in Gardner's new stone block. 41-1f

JUSTICE BLANKS FOR SALE AT THE

Courthouse Office, singly or by the hundred. 1-1f

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

Invited to come and see.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CITY DRUG STORE.

J. E. FINCH.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

DRUGS,

MEDICINES, and

CHEMICALS.

Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes,

Window Glass,

Glassware,

Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,

Alcohol,

Pure Wines,

and Liquors,

Trusses,

Perfumery,

Fancy Articles,

And, in fact, every thing that can be found in a first-class drugstore.

J. E. FINCH. Hastings, March 22d, 1864. 60-1f

FOR THE EAST.

CHICAGO, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, AND ST. PAUL.

From all points on the Mississippi River To Madison, Janesville, Milwaukee, Chicago, and all points East and South.

Two express trains leave Prairie du Chien daily, connecting at Janesville with Chicago and North Western Railway through to Milwaukee or Chicago.

Without Change of Cars. Making direct connections at Milwaukee with Detroit & Milwaukee R. R. and steamship line. At Chicago with all trains for the East and South. The splendid steamers of the North Western Packet Line make sure connections at Prairie du Chien with morning express train, arriving at Milwaukee and Chicago in time to connect with trains for the East and South.

Passengers from points above La Crosse by this route get a full night's rest on the steamers and breakfast on board at a reasonable hour.

Through tickets to all important points can be obtained at all points on the river. Call for tickets via Prairie du Chien.

Fare as Low as by Any Other Route. Baggage checked through from Prairie du Chien to all important points.

E. P. BACON, Wm. Jarvis, Gen. Ticket Ag't, Superintendent. Van Auker & Langley, Agents. 60-1f

1864. BOOKS BOOKS 1864.

W. P. STANLEY, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Books, Stationery, Wall Paper TOYS, AND YANKEE NOTIONS.

Agent for the celebrated Florence Sewing Machine and Prince & Son's Melodeons. Hastings, Jan. 1, 1864. 39-1f

CLAIRVOYANCE. Madame Andrews

can be consulted at the Herndon House between the hours of 9 A. M. and 9 P. M.

TERMS. Past, present, and future. Consulting list of notes, property. 4-1f

Hastings, May 1, 1865. 4-1f

THORNE'S BANK.

Transacts a general Banking Business, deals in Eastern and Sterling Exchange, Bank Notes, Gold, Silver, etc., by Special attention given to collections.

J. L. THORNE, Banker. Hastings, Jan. 1, 1865. 42-1f

CHARLES B. LOWELL.

General Land Agent, Civil Engineer, and County Surveyor of Dakota County. Office in Gardner's stone block, corner Sibley Street and Levee.

Hastings, March 20, 1865. 61-1f

H. O. MOWERS, Surgeon Dentist, Hastings, Minn. Office north side Second Street, between Ramsey and Sibley Streets, over Thorne & Norrish's store. 32-1f

PIANO FORTES AND MELODEONS tuned and repaired by G. H. Nichols, Prescott, Wis. N. B. Particular attention paid to orders from abroad. 3-2m

DOG LICENSES FOR SALE IN QUANTITY to suit purchasers. Town clerks can supply themselves with a neatly printed blank at short notice. Send in your orders.

IRVING TODD & Bro. 5-1

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

L. VAN SLYKE.

THE CONSERVATOR.

IRVING TODD & BROS.,
Proprietors.
IRVING TODD, Wm. R. TODD.Office Over the Bank of Hastings,
Exchange Block, Second Street.

National Debt and U. S. Stocks.

The creation of national debts is not a modern improvement, but the ability

of a great nation to provide for a great

debt, and to make it the most convenient

and best form of personal property, is a

modern wonder. The debt of Great

Britain was begun by raising a million

sterling by loan in 1692, and when her

great contest with Louis XIV. was deter-

mined, the debt had reached fifty mil-

lions. Many statesmen and economists

were then alarmed at the great burden

which had been imposed upon the in-

dustry of the country, but when the war

of the Austrian succession had swelled

this amount to eighty millions, Macau-

lay says that historians and orators pro-

nounced the case to be desperate. But

when war again broke out, and the na-

tional debt was rapidly carried up to

one hundred and forty millions, men of

theory and business both pronounced

that the fatal day had certainly arrived.

David Hume said that, although, by

taxing its energies to the utmost, the

country might possibly live through it,

the experiment must never be repeated,

—even a small increase might be fatal.

Granville said the nation must sink un-

der it unless some portion of the load

was borne by the American Colonies,

and the attempt to impose this load

produced the war of the revolution, and

instead of diminishing, added another

hundred millions to the burden. Again,

says Macaulay, was England given over,

but again she was more prosperous than

ever before. But, when at the close of

her Napoleonic wars in 1816, this debt

had been swelled up to the enormous

sum of over eight hundred millions ster-

ling, or four thousand three hundred

million dollars, or nearly one half the

entire property of the United Kingdom,

the stoutest heart, the firmest believer

in national progress and national de-

velopment, might well have been appalled.

But, in the very face of this mountain

of obligation, — to say nothing of her

vast colonial possessions, — the property

of the British nation has been more than

trebled, and her debt is now a charge of

but 12½ per cent. against. All that

Great Britain has done in paying her

debt, we shall do, and more, with ours.

We have vast territories untouched by

the plow, mines of all precious metals of

which we have hardly opened the doors,

a population full of life, energy, enter-

prise and industry, and the accumulated

wealth of money and labor of the old

countries pouring into the lap of our

giant and ever-to-be-united republic.

During the fiercest and most exhausting

of all possible wars, we have demon-

strated our national strength — and all

the world over, national strength is but

another name for national credit. "As

good as United States Stocks" will soon

be synonymous the world over with "as

good as British Consols." For our

part, we think a U. S. Treasury note,

bearing seven and three-tenths annual

interest, is just as much better than

British Consols as the rate of interest

is higher. Some of our timid brethren,

who shipped their gold to London and

invested in consols, are now glad to

sell out and invest at home at a round loss,

— and serves them right.

It affords us great satisfaction to be

able to state, authoritatively, that the

representatives of the christian commis-

sion, who belittled themselves and their

office by paying a visit of ceremony and

respect to the rebel Gen. Lee, at Rich-

mond, have been recalled by the com-

mission and their authority to act as

delegates revoked. The officers of the

commission at Philadelphia have care-

fully investigated the facts in the case,

and have dismissed the offending sub-

ordinates in justification of their own

loyalty, and to show their entire dis-

approbation of the conduct of the offi-

cers. — Tribune.

An entirely novel style of locomotive

has been recently patented and intro-

duced in England. It is so constructed

as to run either way without being turn-

ed about, thus dispensing with turn-

tables, requires no tender, and is ca-

pable of passing the sharpest curves

without difficulty or danger. All the

wheels are driving-wheels, eight in

number, arranged in two distinct sets of

four, with two cylinders to each set.

The table upon which the Declara-

tion of Independence was signed is now

in the possession of an aged maiden

lady named Ramsey, at Charleston, S. C.

Efforts were made to induce her to

supply this table for the signing of the

South Carolina ordinance of secession,

but she steadfastly refused, and at

length threatened to shoot any person

who should attempt to take it away.

Nearly every postmaster is in the

habit of returning papers to publishers

when not taken out of the office. This

is not what is required. The post-office

regulations require postmasters to write

to publishers, not only notifying them

that the papers are not taken, but also

giving the reasons, when ascertainable,

that they are not taken.

The Double-Bedded Room.

From The New York Leader.

In the spring of 1860, I went to

Steinert to transact some professional

business and attend a trial which was

then before the criminal court, at that

time in session. I reached the place

late in the evening, after a hard day's

journey, and found that the only hotel

in the village was full, with the excep-

tion of one bed in a double bedded

room.

The other bed is occupied by a gen-

tleman from New York, I said the land-

lord; and as an inducement for me to

help on the profits of the house he ad-

ded, "he is neither a rogue nor a cut-

throat, judging from his appearance.

They never have any such characters

up there in Gotham. Of course you'll

not have any scruples about sleeping in

the same room with one of your own

townsman."

As I had nothing about me to tempt

even any of my fellow-men sufficient

reason for severing my jocular in the

dark, I decided to take the bed in

question, and soon after retired to the

room.

My fellow traveler was already in bed

and apparently asleep, with his face

turned towards me. It was that of a

middle-aged man of thirty-five, of a

sandy complexion, with a hungry look.

As I can my eyes above his outline un-

der the bedclothes, I did wish that he

had been fatter, for in one respect I am

like Cæsar—I prefer fat men about me

when there is anything like prospective

danger. There was nothing in his phy-

sionomy, however, that led me to sus-

pect him given to deeds of darkness, so

I ensigned myself in bed, and, with

my last thoughts upon dear Mrs. Jones,

I was soon as unconscious as one of the

seven sleepers.

A little past midnight I was awak-

ened by a voice from my neighbor's bed.

I listened. He was muttering some-

thing in his sleep.

"O, Mary, how can you cast me off?"

he went on, in the pleading tone of a

distracted lover. "How can you forget

the love that has followed you for so

many years, and never turned from you

in your misfortune when you stood

alone in the wet world?"

Then came a pause, after which he

continued with more moving tones than

before:

"Say not so, say not so. Before he

with his wealth crossed your path we

were happy in each other, and why

should I now be cast off after you have

sworn by all that is high and good that

you would be mine. Ah! Mary, if you

reject me my soul will be given up to

some dark deed that will destroy us

both. I shall have faith neither in God

or woman to retain me."

"Then you turn a deaf ear to my last

prayer. You have chosen your own fate,

and mark my words, you shall never

marry him."

The mind of the sleeper seemed to

have become calm and his dreams un-

disturbed as soon as he had given utter-

ance to these last words.

He doesn't sleep well, thought I. He

is going through with the romantic part

of life. He has taken the disease at an

untimely age; it goes hard with him.

And as I remembered I had just seen

such dreams at one time, when I came

near losing the present Mrs. Jones, I

was not at all alarmed by my neighbor's

ominous expressions.

I thought no more about the matter

till I saw the man in court the next day.

The case was that of a young man on

trial for the murder of a young woman

to whom he had been betrothed. The

ground of his arrest was, that on the

night of her murder in her own father's

house, he was the last person known to

be with her. She had lived for several

years in New York city, and it was re-

ported that she there made the acquain-

tance of a penniless young man, to

whom she was engaged to be married;

and that she had broken her engage-

ment with him for a more wealthy ri-

val, whom she met after her return

home.

As I listened to the proceedings of

the court, I noticed that my fellow lodg-

er seemed to take more interest in them

than would be expected of an ordinary

spectator. I then began to think

whether there could be any connection

between this crime and what I had

heard him saying in his sleep the pre-

ceding night. It was a striking coin-

cidence that Mary was the name of the

murdered young woman. He had

seemed to be pressing his claims as more

binding than those of a later and wealth-

ier lover. His threadbare suit and un-

known general make showed that he

might persecute the poor lover. More-

over, he was from New York, and seemed

to have no particular business, except to

hang about the court-room and note

the proceedings.

I kept my thoughts to myself, how-

ever, and watched for further develop-

ments.

That night I went to bed first. My

strange friend came up after I was ap-

parently asleep. He seemed wholly un-

conscious of my presence. He placed

his candle on the table near his bed, and

began to examine some papers which

he drew from the breast pocket of his

seedy coat. Occasionally he would rise

and pace back and forth, as if there was

some burden upon his soul.

"Yes it must be so," he muttered.

There is no other way for it. A man

driven on by such a passion as Mary in-

spired is not master of himself, though

close upon the horrid deed may follow

black remorse. But I'll be bold and bide

the morrow's events; and then, if I see

no other way, I'll do it."

What was it that he was to do? I

could only speculate. That it was con-

nected with the trial I could not doubt.

It seemed plain that he was in some

way connected with the murder. Per-

haps he might be the real murderer, and

driven by a guilty conscience, was await-

ing the action of the court before mak-

ing a full confession of the crime.

The next day I attended court as be-

fore. My strange friend was there, and

seemed scarcely less interested than the

prisoner at the bar. I watched him at

tenuity.

Later in the afternoon, as I was rid-

ing through the outskirts of the village

over a desolate-looking spot, I passed

him peering slowly along with his hands

behind him, and so lost in thought that

he did not even look up as I went by.

He returned to the hotel after the other

guests were seated at the supper table,

and ate his meal in silence.

When I retired for the night I left

him sitting in the bar room with an el-

low on each arm of the chair, gazing

silently at the fire.

I had been in bed about half an hour

when he came up stairs with two can-

dles, which he placed upon the table,

then went to his valise and took out

several quires of foolscap, and lastly

drew from his pocket a small, black

bottle and placed it by his side, as he sat

down and began to write.

I was too much interested in this

movement to think of going to sleep,

and lay still and kept my attention fixed

upon him.

At first his pen moved deliberately

over the paper, and his hand passed

over page after page, its scratching be-

came louder and more nervous. There

was evidently burning thought that must

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

1864. FALL & WINTER. 1865.

MARK WILLSON

Is now receiving a large assortment of

Seasonable Merchandise,

purchased during the recent panic in

New York City. Among the stock is

Ladies' Dress Goods, in Great Variety,

Merinoes, Mohairs, Alpacaes,

Parasols, Plaides, Prints,

Delaines, Etc., Etc.

A nice assortment of

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.

A large stock of

Domestic Goods,

Flannels, Cloths,

Blankets, Shawls,

Ladies' Cloaks,

Boots and Shoes,

Hats and Caps,

Furs,

Family Groceries,

Crockery,

The assortment is large and general in

every department, selected with special

reference to this market with care. We

will continue to adhere to the ready pay

system, believing it best for all parties.

Purchasers desiring to save twenty-five

per cent will not fail to examine the present

stock. No trouble to show goods!

Enough said!

WILLSON'S CASH STORE,

Exchange Block, Hastings, Minn.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. E. EYRE.

(Successor to Eyre & Holmes.)

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and

Provisions,

Wooden and Willow Ware,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Tobacco and Cigars.

Call in and see one of the best stocks

of goods in this market. Store corner of

Second and Ramsey Streets.

Hastings, Nov. 3, 1864. 30-1f

DRAPER & BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

GLASS, CHINA, WARE,

PARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swan's Bourbon Bitters,

Drake's Plantation Bitters, Bingham's

Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and

Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled.

We solicit an examination of our large

stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 30-1f

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND

AMBROTYPES!

The undersigned has established him

self in the rooms over Thorne, Norrish, &

Co.'s store where he is prepared to take

all kinds of Pictures in the best of styles

and at low rates. Call and examine spec-

imens.

E. A. Beach, Photograph Artist,

Hastings, Jan. 9, 1864. 30-1f

THE ROCK RIVER

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

CAPITAL, - - \$500,000.

S. M. CHURCH, President.

ALLAN GIBSON, Secretary.

Insures against all loss or damage by

fire and lightning, thus affording the pol-

icy holder double the amount of indemnity

provided for by other companies, at the

same cost. Insurance solicited at the low-

est rates, and entire satisfaction guaran-

teed. All losses promptly and honorably

adjusted. For further information apply

to the undersigned. S. A. CHAFFER, Agt.,

Hastings, Jan. 31, 1865. 43-1f

C. W. CROSBY,

Justice of the Peace,

Writes deeds, mortgages, bon s, leases,

assignments, affidavits, bills of sale, letters,

etc., etc. Copying and miscellaneous writ-

ing done to order and at low rates.

Back pay, bounty, and pension blanks

on hand and all information pertaining to

same freely given on application, acknowl-

edgements etc., taken at the residence if

requested. Will also attend to the collec-

tion of notes and accounts. Office over

Mark Willson's store, Second Street, Has-

tings, Minn. 44-1f

THE CONSERVER.

Published every Tuesday Morning at

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

Terms.

Single copy one year \$2 00

Three months \$1 00

Payment invariably in advance

Address The Conserver, Hastings, Minn.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 week \$1 00 2 squares 2 months 6 00

1 " 2 weeks 1 50 2 " 3 months 9 00

1 " 4 " 2 00 3 " 4 months 12 00

1 " 5 " 2 50 4 " 5 months 15 00

1 " 6 " 3 00 5 " 6 months 18 00

1 " 7 " 3 50 6 " 7 months 21 00

1 " 8 " 4 00 7 " 8 months 24 00

1 " 9 " 4 50 8 " 9 months 27 00

1 " 10 " 5 00 9 " 10 months 30 00

1 " 11 " 5 50 10 " 11 months 33 00

1 " 12 " 6 00 11 " 12 months 36 00

2 squares 1 week 1 50 1 year 36 00

2 " 2 weeks 2 00 6 months 18 00

2 " 3 months 2 50 3 months 12 00

2 " 4 months 3 00 1 year 36 00

2 " 5 months 3 50 1 year 36 00

2 " 6 months 4 00 1 year 36 00

2 " 7 months 4 50 1 year 36 00

2 " 8 months 5 00 1 year 36 00

2 " 9 months 5 50 1 year 36 00

2 " 10 months 6 00 1 year 36 00

2 " 11 months 6 50 1 year 36 00

2 " 12 months 7 00 1 year 36 00

Legal advertisements 75 cts. per square first inser-

tion and 50 cts. each subsequent; all squares ordered

the same held responsible.

Special notices 15 cents per line for first insertion

and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements must be paid in advance

all others quarterly.

Advertisements not otherwise designated will be

continued until they are ordered out, and charged

accordingly.

Allice Cary on Frogs.

Our readers were told, for we knew it was true,

And we were not wrong, for we knew it was true,

'Twas the weird witching time when the Katydids

sung,

And the birds go to sleep with their heads in their

wings,

I called her pet names, Lily, Julie, and Lou,

And the frogs from the meadow-pond answered,

"Brooklet! Brooklet! too-cool!"

Ah, food piece of dreaming! her arms were as white

And clear as the moon beams around me that night,

And I knew by the blush through her cheeks that

would start,

What words love had writ on the leaves of her

heart,

And I kissed her and kissed her and kissed her

and

And the frogs from the meadow-pond answered,

"Brooklet! Brooklet! too-cool!"

I called her my whitest w-lamb of the field,

My fair-bosomed Lily to keep and to hold,

My moon-eyed, my darling, my dear-dainty wife;

Her lips did not move, but I counted the strokes

Other heart, and the frogs from the meadow-cri-

ed "Knoax."

Too-cool! Brooklet! too-cool!"

Buying Capacity.

A friend, who has spent some weeks in

the Pennsylvania oil region, relates

one or two very amusing incidents of the

manner in which some of the ignorant

people, suddenly grown rich, conduct

themselves. A person rejoicing in the

enormous expenditure of Tarr, is the

proprietor of some of the richest oil

land in Venango County.

One year ago this Tarr was not the

possessor of \$5,000; to-day he is "worth"

a million and a half. He has not only

sold portions of his land at fabulous

prices, but he has also an interest in all

wells on his property. Tarr has one

daughter, a buxom Pennsylvania damsel,

whose ideas of social enjoyment nev-

er rose above a country appi-

"paring bee," and whose education was

confined to the care of cattle and the

cooking of a farmer's dinner. When

Tarr grew rich, he determined to "give

his daughter an education." "Lang-

edgides" he didn't care much about, but

"music" he thought, would embrace

all things. So Tarr's wife was sent to

Wheeling, West Virginia, to receive a

musical education. The services of an

accomplished professor were secured,

and the buxom Pennsylvania seated

herself before the piano. She drummed

and thumped, the teacher oreated and

wept and scolded, but at the ex-

istence of some months the young lady

knew no more than when she began to

torture the keys. She sent for her

father to take her home. The old gen-

tleman came, much exasperated at the

result of his ambition to give his daugh-

ter a "finished education." He was

pleased to charge the failure to the ac-

count of the teacher, whom he sum-

moned to his presence, and interrogated

in this wise: "Hain't yer got no pian-

nic?" "Yes sir." "Hain't yer got no

music books?" "Plenty." "Hain't yer

got time enuff?" "All that is necessary."

"Well then what do you want?" "Mr.

Tarr, I am sorry to say that your daugh-

ter lacks capacity." "Capacity—cap-

acity! why, (and here the old gen-

tleman used a very expressive word),

"why don't yer buy her one? I've got

money enuff!"

An Irishman belonging to the First

Wisconsin Cavalry, while on picket one

dark night in Southern Missouri, chal-

lenged a passer—

"Who goes there is it?"

"A friend."

"Howdy Jasess—come ferrest me till

I look at the first man of that kind I

have seen since I left ould Ireland!"

A woman, on taking a circular on

it from her post office box, and which

had been distributed in the boxes, thus

solicited the postmaster: "How did you

know that we had the itch at our house?

I have always cautioned the children

about scratching in public, and thought

it was a secret."

A down-east girl, being bantered one

day by some of her female friends in

regard to her lover, who had the mis-

fortune to have but one leg, she replied

to them, very smartly: "Pooh! I

wouldn't have a man with two legs,

they are too common."

"Nobody ever lost anything by love,"

said a sneaking man. "That's not

true," said a lady who heard the remark,

"for I once lost three nights' sleep."

Jim Snicks puts everything to stop,

his wife has a bald head, and he strops

his razor on it.</

THE CONSERVATIVE.

From The New York Evening Post.

A Bit of History.

At the time of the Cincinnati convention was held, one of the editors of this paper attended its sittings, to observe what was done, and to obtain as far as he could an intimate view of the motives of the actors. In letters written at Cincinnati, and in a leading article written after his return home, he narrated certain things which occurred both inside and outside of the convention, and which were wholly omitted in the official reports, and in the reports of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, *The Washington Globe*, *The New York Herald*, and *Journal of Commerce*. Indeed, of every other paper representing the so-called democratic party. This leader received no attention at the hands of the above named papers, which was a tacit acknowledgment of the correctness of its statement; nor did it excite much remark in the leading republican papers.

In substance, the account related how the convention was at dead lock; Mr. Douglas had authorized his friends to withdraw his name; Mr. Pierce had done the same; and the convention adjourned one day with a fair prospect that in the morning it would meet only to adjourn *sine die*. About nine o'clock p. m., it was whispered about the Burnett House that next morning Buchanan would be nominated. By midnight it was said that negotiations were pending which would ensure his nomination the next day. By four o'clock a. m., it was thoroughly understood that he would be nominated on the first ballot. The convention met. Mr. Buchanan was nominated on the first ballot, and as usual the chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation rose in his place, and in a few words, thanking the convention, pledged the state for the nominee, and then adjourned. As the convention was adjourning, something already prepared, when Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, (afterwards attorney general under Buchanan), rose in his place and made a speech, in which he proceeded to denounce "abolitionism" and "black republicanism" very fiercely, and to argue that the states possessed, under the constitution, the right of secession. He went further, and told the convention that if the nominee was elected, and "a black republican" should be elected as his successor, Mr. Buchanan would recognize that right of the states to secede, and would do nothing to interfere with the exercise of it. This pledge was simple, and was occupied by the Southern leaders. The convention proceeded to nominate Mr. Breckenridge for vice president, and adjourned harmoniously.

As the subject has a profound historical interest, we quote from the evening of June 13th, 1860, an extract from our Cincinnati letter, in which this last pledge of the democratic party on treason was first described.

"No sensation was produced in the convention by Black, of Pennsylvania, who closed a speech, which, in its application, imported that in case of dissolution of the Union, Mr. Buchanan and Pennsylvania would go with the South; of course taking with them the army and navy and public treasure of the country. This is the most liberal bid the South has ever yet received from any northern statesman; it completely takes down Douglas and his Central American slave empire; it precisely what the nullifiers have for years been trying to get. What part, if any, this pledge from Mr. Black played in procuring the hidden treasure to Buchanan's ranks in the convention this morning yet remains to be disclosed. You may be assured that no further questions will be made by the South about Buchanan's soundness on the Kansas issue. The nullifiers are not ready for disunion, as they were for the admission of Texas, at the earliest practicable period."

Chas. E. Clarke, the defaulting paying teller of the Commercial Bank of this city, who recently absconded after defrauding the bank out of a sum of money amounting to about \$30,000, was arrested yesterday morning at Saratoga, in this state. It is understood that information of his whereabouts had been furnished to one of Mr. Clark's personal friends in this city, who at once proceeded to Saratoga under certain instructions from the chief of detectives of Philadelphia, and succeeded in finding the prisoner and bringing him to this city in safety. It is believed that Mr. Clark will make a statement implicating a number of accomplices in the defalcation.—*Philadelphia Inquirer* of May 9th.

The official journal of Rome announces that, according to the last receipt of Peter's pence, a sum of 5,570,000, has been paid into the pontifical treasury. The total amount received since the month of September, 1863, up to the present time, is \$5,014,400. The same journal adds that at no time have so many foreigners been seen at present; and says that this immense concourse furnishes a proof of the constantly increasing veneration of the Roman Catholics for Papal Rome.

A new mode of raising money at a festival has been devised in St. Louis. A vote is being taken on the question, "Who is the most popular clergyman of that city?" with a dollar candidate for a voter, the successful candidate to be presented with a gold-headed cane.

The rebel General Forrest, the butcher of Fort Pillow, has been killed by a fellow rebel for shooting a son of the latter.

Never throw down your cards, but play out the game. The more certain to lose, the wiser to get all the play you can for your money.

The "Manly Art" Among the School Girls.

The town, and, especially that portion of it embraced in the Baptist persuasion, has been in a ferment for several days, over a spirited "mill" which took place between a couple of the young lady pupils of the Baptist Seminary, one day last week. A fair daughter of "Maryland, my Maryland"—a handsome volatile, spiteful young lady of sixteen summers or such a matter, and an irrepressible rebel—was guilty of the bad taste of cheering for Jeff Davis, in a mixed assembly. A young lady of this city, equally as pretty as the Maryland rebel, but of a quiet, unobtrusive turn of mind, told her she had better not do that again, or it would cost her a thrashing. The little rebel again cheered for J. D. louder and more defiantly than ever, whereupon the city girl "went for her," as the phrase is, and a well-contested trial of pugilistic skill began. Long "time in even scale" the battle raged; "hair and hair pins, fragments of lace and torn ruffles, broken combs, or rings, brooches, artificial flowers, terribly mangled and strewn the scene of combat. At last the loyal muscles triumphed over rebellious science and pluck. The loyal girl succeeded in getting her opponent designated in that uncomfortable position designated in the nomenclature of the P. R. as "chancey." With a heroism worthy of a better cause, the rebel took fearful "punishment" for a time, and then bled for quarter. The union girl "set her up" on the condition that she would publicly recant and take the oath. When the blood was washed away, it was discovered that two blue eyes had suddenly become black, and that her "face devine" took the expression of Mrs. Wizzo, "soured like pork." The little rebel, whose name is Lane, has been excused from further prosecution of her studies to this quarter, with full permission to return to her beloved Maryland by the earliest train. The union girl, a ward of Mr. Josh Longdale, named Gates, after an apology to the principal, is applauded for the spirit and patriotism displayed by her.—*Indianapolis Cor. of Cin. Com.*

Relics. The rage for relics in this country is something astounding. A respectfully dressed man was noticed the other day putting in his pocket a brick from Lincoln's front of Mr. Lincoln's house, and this is but one of ten thousand follies. The entire stairway upon which Col. Ellsworth was killed, in Alexandria, has been cut into chips and carried away. The tree at the foot of which Sickles shot Key, in Washington, has been broken and cut into it. The oak tree under which Gen. Grant talked with Pemberton, and arranged the terms of the surrender of Vicksburg, has been cut down, and recently a party dug into the ground ten feet for the roots of the historic oak. An elm tree which Abraham Lincoln planted stands in front of his old house in Springfield. Of course it will be torn in pieces and destroyed.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The Conduct of the War. The committee on the conduct of the war is continually in session in Washington, and its work will be completed in a few days. The committee is constituted as it was appointed, except that, on the part of the senate, Mr. Bucknow succeeds President Johnson, and on the part of the house, Loan, of Missouri, is appointed in the place of Covode, re-elected. The testimony is all taken, and nearly all put in form, except that bearing on the series of the battles between Grant and Lee from the Rapidan to the James. It comprises full particulars of Sherman's march through the rebellious states. As the war approached its conclusion, the committee departed from the character of the critics to hasten up the testimony. The document will form, when completed, a history of the war. Three volumes have been already given to the country, and four more are going to press. It is probable that the eighth volume will be ready about November next, with the replies of Grant and Sherman in detail to the questions framed by the committee. It is understood that the closing inquiries will relate to the treaty between Sherman and Johnston.

Hanging in effigy was not always the burlesque affair which it is at present. In France, whenever a criminal had escaped from a custody, or could not be captured, his effigy was hung instead. The likeness of the criminal was taken into the presence of the court, was there solemnly tried and judged, and if found guilty, was carried to prison, and at an appointed time removed to a gallows and hung. Thus, in the reign of Louis the Fat, in the twelfth century, Thomas de Marle was hanged in effigy for high treason; and as late as the days of Louis the Fourteenth, in 1662, Alexander de Noirmontiers was punished in the same manner for the part which he took in a famous duel. This legal custom was finally abolished by the lawmakers of the first French republic.

Some citizens of Troy, on Saturday, forwarded to Gen. Grant a present which will "take his fancy." It is a box of cigars, one hundred in number, of the finest brand, and costing one hundred dollars. Each cigar has a paper wrapper, and the box is got up "regardless of expense."

The first man killed, in this war was Daniel Howe, of New York, at Fort Sumter, in 1861, by the premature discharge of a gun. His name has been frequently and erroneously reported as Hough.

Geo. D. Reed, the holder of a free ticket, has received \$4,000 from the Illinois Central Railroad Company, for damages sustained by him in consequence of an accident to the train on which he was riding.

Mount Vernon.

The editor of *The Evening Star*, of Saturday, describes a visit to Mount Vernon, which he prefaces by saying:

"We found the place in a good state of preservation, none of the ravages of war having extended in that direction. The scouting parties of both armies have always regarded it as neutral ground, and never violated its precincts by acts of hostility. The agent of the Mount Vernon Association remains at the mansion, and is a bitter secessionist, not having visited Alexandria since the war, in consequence of the necessity of taking the oath. His wife, however, more loyal or less scrupulous, subscribed to the oath, and is allowed to come to the city for supplies."

"The house remains precisely as it was four years ago. The same table and blank book for registering the names of visitors stands in the hall, with the key to the French Bastille, presented by Lafayette to Washington, hanging over them in its little glass case, and specimens of wood and minerals above the doors. The supper room, with its suit of rooms on the left of the hall, and a few negroes inhabit the kitchen. In the dining-hall are three of Washington's dining-tables, and an old feeble-toned harpsichord, and the tripod and compass with which their illustrious owner surveyed the wilderness of Lord Fairfax's estate."

The President's Brother.

At some point on the march from Fayetteville, an old couple, man and wife, in the shabby dress of the South, and with a countenance smoked-dried and stained with tobacco juice, made their appearance at the headquarters of the General commanding the column of the division, and, when they succeeded in getting attention, proffered a request to "pass to Washington." The following dialogue followed:

"What do you want a pass to Washington for?"

"Old Man—I want to see my brother there."

"Who is your brother?"

"Well, I reckon you've heard tell of 'em. His name's Andy Johnson, Vice President of the United States."

"This reply caused some astonishment, but the strong likeness of the old man to the Vice President, which now became apparent to all, confirmed his statement, and all became satisfied of its truth. In the course of the inquiries it came out that the old man could neither read nor write.

"No more could Andy, gentlemen," said he, "when we were young men; his wife taught him."

"And why didn't your wife teach you?"

"Well, General," said the old lady, "I couldn't never read nor write myself."

The laying down of the new Atlantic cable will probably be attempted in July. On April 24th, fourteen hundred miles had been stored on board the Great Eastern, and the work was proceeding at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. Electricians are kept constantly employed in passing currents through the cable, and every foot is subjected to the severest tests. The weight of the cable is 400 pounds, and it will weigh 1500 pounds of 1858 weighed only 251 pounds. The experiments made are said to have established the fact that, if the enterprise is a success, at least twelve weeks a minute can be transmitted across the broad Atlantic. It is considered that the problem is reduced simply to a question whether July will be a month of moderately temperate weather. Probably one or more vessels from our navy will be detailed to take part in the great work.

The New Fifty Cent Currency.

The following, if not elegant, has the merit of being a strong description:

"Our neighbor says the new fifty cent shinplasters look so much like a quack medicine label, that he involuntarily turns it over to see if it cures corns, bunions, and whooping-cough. He says, further, that it contains as many colors as the handkerchief of a showy negro. On the center of the face, close by a cloud of dust, sits a fat, misshapen female, covered with small-pox blotches. Her right arm rests on a hoop, through which may be seen an owl sitting on a pile of old clothes in the distance, and in her right hand she grasps something which she is lively imagining may convulse to be a pair of scales. One foot appears done up in a poulter."

New York city trade of every kind is looking up, and the influx of country merchants is quite marked. The three leading Broadway hotels on morning last week breakfasted an aggregate of twenty-five hundred persons, or an average of eight hundred and thirty-three to each table. A correspondent says the merchants down town, for the ones, are kept as busy as they want to be, and there are few or none who are not making money. The papers speak of some orders that are coming in from the South, but diligent inquiry fails to discover them. The West and the East are visible in Chambers Street, Pine Street, Broad Street, and Maiden Lane, but Dixie, as yet, is scarcely to be seen anywhere where buying and selling are in progress.

There is on duty at Fort Washington, on the Potomac, a veteran soldier, Sergeant Joseph Cameron, who has been in the service since 1807, two years longer than Gen. Scott. He has been on duty at Fort Sumter constantly during the last thirty-six years. Sergeant Cameron was born on the 19th of April, 1790.

An insane woman in Pine St. Albany, N. Y., jumped from a third story window, striking on a grass plot, doing no injury to her person, and, what is still more strange, she has not exhibited any signs of insanity since.

Home the Parent of the State.

A bad son is not likely to make a good citizen; and, therefore, we repeat with emphasis, that without virtue in her citizens no commonwealth can long exist. The nursery of this virtue is the family; and if it does not take root and grow here, it is in vain we look for it in a riper manhood. Society being made up of families, it is by the strength of the domestic affections that its framework is upheld and preserved. It is the home love which nourishes the members of the family "in their childhood, which, even after the perversities or the losses of their manhood, welcomes them back again to the roof of their nativity, and throws them as he were on the yet unquelled and inextinguishable kindness of the parents who gave them birth." The man who does not cherish and exercise the feelings of a genuine home love and kindness within the circle that gathers day by day round the domestic hearth, will be found but a sorry citizen, and a still more sorry patriot, and humanity will throw him from her bosom as unworthy of the name of man. Let us cling to the home, even if that home should be the mean shed to be found on England's broad and blooming acres; let us cling to it while it yields us a hearth, and while around that hearth there is a heart that beats true to love. The mere material dwelling may be cheerless, but the home within may be sunny and happy; and there the heart may find a repose for which it seeks in vain in all the world beside.—*Christian World*.

By one of our Illinois exchanges we learn that a few days since a soldier's wife, living in the south part of Macon County, came to Decatur for the purpose of receiving at the express office a package of \$400, sent her by her husband in the army. Being unable to furnish the proof of her identity, she was obliged to return without the money, and was subsequently accompanied by her brother-in-law, who furnished the required proof. On returning home she placed the money under her pillow. Some time during the night a man, whom she supposed to be a negro, broke open the door and demanded the money. There being a fire in the fire-place sufficient to light the room, the woman threw the money on the floor, and, as the thief stooped to pick it up, dealt him a blow with a poker that broke his neck. The neighbors were aroused, and on washing the dead man's face the robber proved to be her brother-in-law.

Just now the admirers of fast horses are at their zenith. From California a challenge is issued by Mr. James L. Hoff, the well-known trainer and driver, to match the young stallion George M. Patchen, Jr., to trot any horse in the states for \$5,000—one to two matches, the first to be one-mile heats, best time in five, to suit; the second, two-mile heats, best time in five, to suit.

The President has issued a proclamation, inviting upon our naval vessels to capture all rebel cruisers and bring them into port that their crews may no longer enjoy immunity for their crimes; and he warns all foreign nations that may permit them to enter their ports that hospitality will be refused to their vessels in the ports of the United States. The proclamation also recognizes the state of Virginia as restored to the Union, and orders measures to be taken for the establishment of her government and the restoration of peace within her boundaries.

The Philadelphia papers notice the arrival in that city of a large invoice of Georgia cotton yarn, the first that has reached there since the war began. It was from the Eagle Mills, and was packed in large boxes, owing to the fact that there is not in Macon a single yard of baling cloth nor a room of packing paper with which to put the yarn up in its former sized packages. The consignees are now parceling it out according to custom, and wrapping and labeling it as the trade are accustomed to see it.

It is estimated that the amount of freight shipped from the Missouri River, and transported to New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, and intermediate points during last year, amounted to forty millions of pounds. To transport this immense amount, nine thousand head of cattle, and sixteen thousand head of horses and mules are required. The employees are estimated at ten thousand.

Maj. Gen. Howard, who has accepted the appointment of head of the new bureau of freedmen's affairs, did not seek the place. He was selected from a host of applicants on account of his ability to manage so complicated a question, and has finally consented to take the place.

The catalogue of the University of Michigan, just issued, shows the number of students in the literary department to be 270; medical, 414; law, 220; total in the institution, 914. They are from every state and Canada. The number of degrees conferred was 136.

Orders have been issued for a material reduction in the expenses of the medical department of the army. No more supplies are to be purchased until present stocks are exhausted. Thus the work of retrenchment goes on.

Gen. Halleck's order in Richmond that men and women shall not be permitted to be married there without taking the oath of allegiance shows that he is determined to put an end to the breed of rebels.

The Fate of the Democratic Party.

Some of our democratic contemporaries take in ill part our good natured allusion to the sad figure now presented by the Chicago platform. They call it ungenerous to twist the party about that when it is now so lustily shouting glory for the nation's triumph. Well, we are sorry. We did not think they were so sensitive. Henceforth we will try to remember that even the smallest plebany upon that subject is great cruelty, and there shall be no more of it.

Yet our friends must not imagine that the American people are going to forget that action of the democratic party at Chicago. They may be, and we trust they will be, charitable towards their fellow-citizens individually, who were so discouraged and demoralized in the dark period of the war. Fortitude in adversity is not within every man's power. It depends largely upon a man's natural temperament, and upon his previous cultivation of the great moral element, faith. A person, last August, might have conceived the war "a failure," and have favored negotiations with the Richmond government, without any possible bad motive, might come from weakness, and not at all from wickedness. But, though individual democrats may be judged ever so liberally, the democratic party itself cannot be. Party organizations are judged by their acts solely, and never get the benefit of charity. Striving for the rule of the country, their title to that rule is always strictly scanned; and if wrong they are repudiated. The Chicago platform stands, before all eyes, as the authentic, deliberate exposition of the sentiments and policies of the democratic party in the last and most trying year of the war. It is so distinct and explicit that all attempts to mystify or evade its true meaning is vain. Every man in the country knows that it condemned the war as a "failure," and that it demanded that "immediate efforts be made for the cessation of hostilities." In that regard the democratic party is irreversibly doomed. The people, in the very thick of the war, punished that act by the most withering rebuke known to our political history. The fate they will hereafter visit upon the party will be as much more severe as the falsehood of its assumptions, and the fatal consequences of its policy is more distinctly revealed by the result of the war. No expiation will be sought by the party. No expiation will be sought by the party. No expiation will be sought by the party.

A Confidence Woman. An advertisement in *The New York Herald* for a wife was answered by a girl in Milwaukee, who told a pitiful story of abuse at home, inability to earn a living, her trunk and best clothes seized by a boarding house-keeper as security for a board bill of \$15, etc., and wound up by saying in plain terms, after stating her age and that "her friends considered her good looking," that she did not suppose the advertiser really wanted a wife, but that she had got to such a point that she was willing to be his mistress, and if he would send money enough to pay her bill and fare to New York, she would meet him in that city. The letter fell into the wrong hands; a clergyman in New York was interested in the case and he wrote to a minister in this city to investigate and see if something could not be done to save the girl. He "investigated" and found, instead of a poor and virtuous girl, just a lively, hot, and best clothes seized by a boarding house-keeper as security for a board bill of \$15, etc., and wound up by saying in plain terms, after stating her age and that "her friends considered her good looking," that she did not suppose the advertiser really wanted a wife, but that she had got to such a point that she was willing to be his mistress, and if he would send money enough to pay her bill and fare to New York, she would meet him in that city.

The Sultana Disaster.

The commission, instituted some time since to investigate the circumstances attending the disaster to the Sultana, has been dissolved. Gen. Howard, of Baden, who was sent down to investigate, has been left. Gen. H. returns to Cairo, and Col. B. continues on his way down to Vicksburg. The commission instituted by Gen. Washburne to inquire into the matter have not gotten their report into proper shape for publication; but, as near as can be ascertained from those who profess to be posted, the evidence shows that more men have been put upon steamers at one time than were put on this most unfortunate boat; yet there was no necessity for them all being placed on the Sultana, as another and larger steamer was at the wharf when she received her load. From indications about the wreck, and upon examination of fragments of the boilers raised, the idea entertained by some that her blowing up was the effect of the bursting of a boiler, also has been exploded, as is also the idea that it was caused by the way in which she was loaded and the number of human beings on board. The true reason, as near as can be ascertained from ocular proof, is that the water was too low in her boilers, and the fires too hot; hence this sad calamity.

Milton Brown, president of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, has asked permission of the proper authorities to reopen the road from Columbus, Ky., to Mobile. The work can be accomplished in two weeks, and telegraphic communication can be resumed in three days.

We understand that Dr. J. G. Holland, the popular author and lecturer, is engaged on a life of Abraham Lincoln. This will be gratifying news to the tens of thousands who have read with delight "Bitter Sweet," "Cold Fire," and the "Tomb Letters."

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, the 9th day of March, A. D. 1865. Present, Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of William Tilking praying for reasons set forth in said petition for the removal of this court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of Gottlieb Korfage, late of said county of Dakota, deceased, intestate, to make and execute conveyance to said petitioner of the following described real estate lying and being situated in the county of Dakota aforesaid, to-wit: commencing at the south-east corner of the south-east quarter of section nine (9), in township twenty-seven (27) west, thence north twenty-four (24) chains, thence north thirty-two degrees (32°), east eight chains and thirteen links, thence north thirty-four degrees east, three chains, and four links, thence east seventeen chains and fifty links, and thence south ten chains to the place of beginning.

On filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day. It is further ordered that the time and place of hearing said petition be given in all papers interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conservative*, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings, once in each week for six successive weeks prior to said 20th day of June, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present, Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of Sarah Mary Dow, the widow of Joseph F. Dow, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition for the removal of this court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, on the 1st day of June, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conservative*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 1st day of June, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present, Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of Hannah Armstrong, the widow of Thomas Armstrong, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition for the removal of this court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conservative*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 30th day of May, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

COMMISSIONERS NOTICE—WE, THE

subscribers, being appointed by the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, and state of Minnesota, commissioners to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Ann C. Stanley, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in or set thereto and six months from the 18th day of April 1865 being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the business of our said appointment at the office of P. H. Hartshorn, in the city of Hastings, Minn., on the 10th day of June and the 18th day of October, 1865, from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until 4 o'clock in the afternoon on each said day.

Dated this 2nd day of May, A. D. 1865.

P. HARTSHORN, JAMES S. SMITH, Commissioners.

STRAY SALE.—THE UNDERSIGNED

will sell at his residence, at the South Branch Inn, in the town of Vermilion, Dakota County, Minn., on the 31st day of May, 1865, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, one large bay HORSE, with one white foot, star in the forehead, blind in right eye, eight or ten years old. JOHN MCKAY, Vermilion, May 9th, 1865. 6-2w*

NOTICE OF VACATION OF TOWN

PLOT.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next term of the district court, in and for the county of Dakota, to vacate the town site of Dakota in said county or a portion thereof. Dated April 14th 1865 K. N. GUTRAU, 2-5

1865. BOOKS. 1865.

W. P. STANLEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, TOYS, AND YANKEE NOTIONS.

Agent for the celebrated Florence Sewing Machine and Prince & Son's Melodeons. Hastings, Jan. 1, 1865. 39-1f

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Madame Andrews

can be consulted at the Herndon House between the hours of 9 a. m. and 9 p. m.

TERMS.

Per. present, and future, . . . \$1.00
Concerning lost or stolen property . . . 2.00
Hastings, May 1, 1865. 4-1f

THORNE'S BANK.

Transacts a general Banking Business, in Eastern and Sterling Exchange, Bank Notes, Gold, Silver, etc.

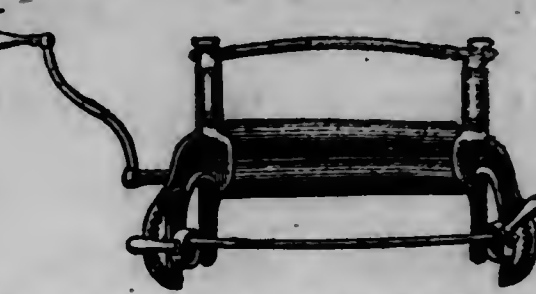
Special attention given to collections. J. L. THORNE, Banker. Hastings, Jan. 1, 1865. 43-1f

CHARLES B. LOWELL.

General Land Agent, Civil Engineer, and County Surveyor of Dakota County. Office in Gardner's stone block, corner Sibley Street and Levee. Hastings, March 20, 1865. 61-1f

-NEW YORK.

PUTNAM CLOTHES-WRINGER.



The Only Reliable Self-Adjusting Wringer.

No wood-work to swell or split. No thumb-screws to get out of order. No rambled-up or without cog-wheels. It took the first premiums at fifty-seven state and county fairs in 1863, and is, without an exception, the best Wringer ever made. Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town. Energetic men can make from \$3 to \$10 per day. No. 2, \$6 50; No. 1, \$7 50; No. 3, \$8 50; No. 4, \$9 50. Manufactured and sold wholesale and retail, by THE PUTNAM MAN CO., No. 13 Platt Street, New York, and Cleveland, Ohio. S. C. NOBBERGER, Agent.

What everybody knows, viz.

That iron well galvanized will not rust. That a simple machine is better than a complicated one. That a wringer should be self-adjusted, durable, and efficient.

That thumb-screws and fastenings cause delay and trouble to regulate and keep in order.

That wood soaked in hot water will swell, shrink, and split.

That wood bearings for the shaft to run in will wear out.

That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels, will not tear the clothes.

That cog-wheel regulators are not essential.

That the Putnam Wringer has all the advantages, and not one of the disadvantages above named.

That all who have tested it, pronounce it the best wringer ever made.

That it will wring a thread or a bed-quilt without alteration.

We might fill the paper with testimonials, but insert only a few to convince the skeptical, if such there be, and woe to all, test Putnam's Wringer. Test it thoroughly with any and all others, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it.

Putnam Manufacturing Co., Gentlemen:

I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized will not rust, and that a simple machine is better than a complicated one. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can heartily recommend it to be the one in use. Respectfully yours, J. W. WANNAS, Cleveland, O.

Many years' experience in the galvanizing business enable me to endorse the above statement in all particulars. No. 100 Beekman Street. 25-3

NEW SKIRT FOR 1865.

The great invention of the age in HOOP SKIRTS.

J. W. Bradley's new patent duplex elliptic (or double) spring skirt.

West, Bradley, & Gray (late J. I. & J. O. West), sole proprietors and manufacturers, 67 Chambers and 79 and 81 Beale Streets, New York.

This invention consists of duplex (or two) elliptic steel springs, ingeniously braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, making the toughest, most flexible, elastic, and durable spring ever used. They seldom bend or break like the single springs, and consequently preserve their perfect and beautiful shape twice as long as any other skirt.

The wonderful flexibility and great comfort and pleasure to any lady wearing the duplex elliptic skirt will be experienced particularly in all crowded assemblies, operas, carriages, railroad cars, church pews, arm chairs, for promenade and house dress, as the skirt can be folded, when in use, to occupy a small space as easily as a silk or muslin dress.

A lady having enjoyed the pleasure, comfort, and great convenience of wearing duplex elliptic spring skirts, for a single day, will never afterwards willingly dispense with their use. For children, misses, and young ladies, they are superior to all others.

THE CONSERVEE.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,
Proprietors.
IRVING TODD, Wm. R. TODD.
Office Over the Bank of Hastings
Exchange Block, Second Street.

The city of Jerusalem presents the most astonishing and, from its peculiar relation to the history of mankind, the most interesting proof of the advance we are making in this great era. Very many handsome, very elegant buildings, in modern, yet oriental style, are being built, in addition to the great number that have gone up during the past three years. The appeal of the Empress Eugenie will unquestionably meet with so much success, a response that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre will be rebuilt upon a scale commensurate with its uses. At the same time trade and commerce are beginning to reappear, and colonists, both Christian and Israelite, are thronging to the spot from every part of the world. As they seek room, the cultivators of the city are restored to cultivation and beauty, and the more frequent and rapid communication with Damascus and the sea coast becoming necessary, it may not be long before we shall hear of the great central railroad of Palestine.

Mr. John Henry Gurney, the member for King's Lynn (whose wife went off with her footman a few years since to the scandal of all right-minded persons) and whose name, the late Mr. Samuel Gurney, has just left him £1,200,000 in hard cash, has become a partner in the great money-broking house of Overend, Gurney, & Co., of Lombard Street. Some idea of the magnitude of the operation of this firm may be gathered from the fact that although they lost in the crisis of last year, chiefly by the failure of houses in produce trade, about £300,000, their profits were never so large as in that year. Their transactions may be calculated by millions per diem, and there is no day that their profits do not amount to £1,000, generally to much more.

A special Panama correspondent makes the important announcement that the government of Columbia has not only notified the new stipulations with the Panama Railroad, guaranteeing that corporation the perpetual proprietorship of its road, but has concluded a treaty with the agents of our government, which grants to the United States in perpetuity the exclusive privilege of transporting military and naval stores over the line. As an equivalent for this important concession our government is to guarantee the sovereignty of Columbia over the Isthmus of Panama and the security of the transit route against all other foreign powers.

A Washington correspondent of *The New York Times* says: "A speculator who went to Richmond some two weeks ago to get investments in real estate, if he could do so with a prospect of profit, has returned here. He made no purchases for the reason that buildings and lots have already been put up to a high figure, the prices in many instances being three times that charged before the war. Lots in the burnt district cannot be had except at prices as great as those charged a year ago for the same lots with the buildings on them."

The Boston board of trade has invited delegations from the boards of trade of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Milwaukee, to visit that city during the month of June. About one hundred visitors are expected—merchants, railroad officers, and others interested in promoting intercourse between the east and west. The visit will extend over three days, and will include a trip to Lawrence, a sail in the harbor, and a public dinner.

A Warsaw letter states that the government has ordered the forest to be cut down which extends along the whole length of the frontier from Polagan to Tarnoggen, in order to destroy the retreat of smugglers, who seek refuge in the wood when pursued by the frontier guard. The trade in timber with Prussia is, in consequence, most active, the cheapness of the article having attracted a large number of dealers.

A Petersburg letter to *The Tribune* says: "A considerable amount of work is now beginning to take place on the railroads in this vicinity, and on the James River, in the way of northern people coming South, and southern people going North. They mingle as harmoniously together, or more so, than the people of the two sections did before the war."

Letters from Europe bring advice that many of the refugee soldiers, including foreigners who have made the South their home for business purposes, are preparing to return to their old haunts; it was agreed on all sides that the war was over, and that friendly feelings and commerce would soon revive.

The King of Italy intends to send to the national exhibition at Duino a pair weighing several pounds and eight or nine inches long, having on it a beautiful engraving of "The Last Supper."

A baby born in Great Barrington, Mass., the other day, has seven grandmothers and three grandfathers living. The oldest is great great-grandmother and 101 years old.

The secretary of the treasury has signed the requisition from the war department, and nothing now remains unpaid except the army.

Of all the magistrates in Ireland only 24 per cent. are Roman Catholics.

One of Many.
I am sitting by the open window and looking out upon the orchard, where the trees stand laden with apple-blossoms, whose delicate perfume floats in this twilight air just as it did four years ago to-night.

There is nothing changed about this old place as I look upon its picture now. There stands the stone curbed well, over which the long sweep hangs, with its dripping bucket, moss-covered, and dripping water monotonously—just as ever. There is Carlo's kennel, and Carlo to himself lying there, with his nose upon his outstretched paws, and his eyes closed lazily; precisely thus he lay as I looked out this window four years ago this hour. I can hear Kate and Jess and Dick and Duke stamping with their iron hoofs in their stables in the old red barn; and over the top of that same tree that bears the golden-sweet peeps the wooden weather-cock on the roof of the hay-shed. The doves have been flying in and out of their coles over the wide door for the past hour; and the swallows, not yet gone to sleep, are quacking and chattering in the oaves overhead. There dangles the swing over the oak. Yonder comes Philip whistling up the road. He has changed no more in these four years than if he were an angel, instead of being, as he is, a middle-aged serving-man. Everything my eye rests on is just the same—just the same. I wish it were not. How can the world go on so unchanged?

It seems as if I had been dreaming, here by the window in the sun of the warm May afternoon, and had just awakened in the falling twilight. Was it my wedding-night this night four years ago?

Yes. There, on the bed within this room, my boy is sleeping. Here on my finger is my wedding-ring, and I kiss it, and it is as cold to my lips as his forehead was. Here are my widow's mourning garments. I am twenty-two. It was eighteen when Frank drew me to his heart, here in this very room. He called me his darling, his brown-eyed bride. Oh, how I loved him! You ladies who live in cities, and whose lives are crowded with events—who have loved and unloved one man after another—whose hearts were cold at eighteen, than mine in this day, even after all its deep joy and sorrow—you cannot know how I loved my husband.

He was the only man I ever loved, remember—the only one. My father was so stern with me that him I never dared to love. My mother died when I was little, and my father kept me always under his eye, permitting me no such pleasure as those that country girls generally have and books were my best companions. There were balls at the tavern at the cross-roads in winter, but I never went to them. There were picnic parties in the woods in summer, and husking-bees in autumn, and other merry-makings of which I sometimes heard, but which I never saw. Almost my only knowledge of life outside my own home was gathered from the glimpses I got of the neighbor-people on Sundays at the little church where all the farmers on Moreton Heights met to worship, and still do. It was there I first saw Frank—when I was a little curly-headed girl, and he was a blue-eyed boy five years my senior. There I saw all I ever saw of him, till I was sixteen, and he was home for the college vacation. I met him then, one afternoon as I was coming home from a neighbor's house, and he walked along by my side. I loved him that hour with my whole soul; and during two years following I learned to find my sweetest happiness in his smile, the thrilling touch of his hand, the soft words of love he spoke to me; and at last to sink in the tremor of unutterable happiness upon his breast when he asked me to be his wife.

Can you wonder, then, that the wedding-night on which he made me his was dazzling in its brilliancy to my eyes? I was almost intoxicated with the novelty and the joy of that scene. The great rooms of Squire Moreton's house were like those of a palace compared to the humble home where I had been reared, and it was there we were married, for Frank wished it so. The crowding guests, the gleaming lights, the marriage ceremony, the congratulations, the whispered joy of my husband as he bent over me, and the odor of the apple-blossoms pervading all, seemed like a dream now, but the orchard's perfume alone remaining.

Do you believe me exaggerating when I say that I would have yielded up the life I was unmarrying for my husband's sake? If you do, it only shows that you have no conception of a love like that I bore for Frank. It was wrong to love a man so, perhaps; but oh, I was so happy! He was my all, my life, my love. I loved him with the long-headed affections of a nature whose deities no mortal being had looked into before him. My heart would leap with gladness at the sound of his voice at a distance. I knew his footsteps so well that I would go far beyond the gate to meet him when he was coming up the road. His kiss was heaven to my lips, and the fond glance of his blue eyes would thrill my being to the core.

You may wonder that I consented to part with Frank when I loved him so. It was because I loved him as I did that I could not oppose him when he told me, his face all glowing with enthusiasm, that he wanted to raise a company for the war. Then he talked so eloquently about it, his eye shone with such a lustre, and his voice had such cheer in it, as he spoke of going forth with his comrades to fight in defense of the lost old flag, how could I put in my selfish protest?

But I clung to his neck with silent fear in the darkness of night, when he lay fast asleep; I pictured his silent form lying wounded and bloody on the battle-field, and I hid my face on my pillow, and pressed his dear cheek with my hand, softly, so as not to wake him, while I wept as if my heart would break.

But in the daytime I never let him know. I tried my best to cheer him, for I knew it was the old patriotic fire that burned in his manly breast, and no tears of mine should quench it. I was always proud of Frank; he was the prince of men to me; but now I was prouder of him than ever before.

I was but the bride of a summer when he marched away. The harvest was ripe and the leaves were brown, and he kissed me again and again as we stood under the porch by the door, and smiled a cheerful smile of adieu to him, and struggled to hide from him the quivering of my lips. Then he walked briskly away down the garden-path, passed out the gate, and waved his glad cap to me from the road; and when he was so far away that he could not see me, I leaned against a pillar and gazed long after him through the blinding rain of unavailing tears.

I used to get such cheering letters from my hero! He found so many amusing things to write about in his new life, and seemed to relish so the novelty and hardship of the camp! He would describe to me the minutest particulars of his surroundings, tell me what he ate and how, when he slept and how, and drew for me such photographs of the scene in which he moved, that I soon quite lost my foolish habit of picturing him lying bleeding on cold battle-fields, alone with the watching stars and the long night. Instead of this I soon began to share his dissatisfaction at having nothing to do through the long winter, and I looked forward to the spring with his longing vision, and learned to glory in my husband's strength as he himself did, and to feel certain that all perils must yield before the power of his arm. Our boy was born that winter too, and in him I found an object on which to pour out the love of my heart, and a companion to make the time pass away.

The spring came, and in the battle of Fair Oaks my husband was taken prisoner. They shut him up in the fearful prison in Richmond, and murdered him by inches. Long months rolled away. My boy grew till he could run about the house and play with Carlo in the yard; and every day he seemed to grow more like his father as he was when he went away, with his fresh, round cheeks and red lips, and his merry blue eyes and ringing laugh.

Last October they brought my husband home. Oh, what a pitiful spectacle of the man who waved his glided cap to me from the road as I stood in the porch that September morning so long ago! They left him alone in the parlor to wait for me, for I had fainted at the sight of him from the window—my darling Frank—this skeleton with shrunken limbs and ghastly, fallen cheeks and dull eyes! Could it be he? Only when I entered the parlor where he sat, and beheld the clustering black hair that shaded his white forehead could I see aught of the man I had married in that May night when the odor of the apple-blossoms was in the air. He looked to me so pitifully, and raised his wan hands as if to embrace me. I flew to his breast, and kissed him with a check and colorless lips, with despair in my heart, for I knew he had come home to die.

"Is this my husband?" I murmured, in a tone of awe, as I looked upon the strange, strange face.
"This is what they have left of him," said he, smiling faintly; and I hid my face in his bosom.
"Where is my boy?" he whispered, smoothing my hair with his bony hand.
I went for little Frank, and held him up while his father wrapped him in his arms. The little fellow looked into the white and bearded face with a straight, earnest gaze, and then his eyes filled with tears and his lips began to quiver; but it was with pity, not with childish fear, for he put up his little hand to his father's mouth caressingly, and said, "Papa sick!"

Next day the doctor came. He sat an hour with Frank; prescribed cheerfulness, quietude, and generous food; instructed me in the duties of my new office as nurse, for I would have no other; pressed Frank's hand cordially, and left the room. I followed him to the door.

"How long will he live?" I asked.
The doctor shook his head.
"All will depend on the care you take of him, Mrs. Moreton. With such care as I know you will give him, he may survive a month or even two. But I could not promise him a week of life. He has had a hard time. Damn the villains! They'd be torn to pieces like carrion if I had my way with 'em!"

When I went back to Frank he asked me what the doctor said.

"Don't conceal anything from me, dear wife," said he. "There is no need. I have been on familiar terms with death for many months. I am ready to go."

Then I told him, and he smiled. There was a peculiar light in his eyes as he turned them on me, and said, "Mary, I shall live till spring."

It was October then. So many months of life yet! It seemed like a priceless boon. Nearly half a year to live? Oh, what a world of love should be crowded into that time! And I believed him, too. I don't know why, but I did.

They are getting ready," he would murmur. "I shall hear from them soon."

I thought he was talking of the angels.
"What do you see out there, Captain Frank?" asked Doctor Thomas, one such day, as he entered the room.
"I am looking southward!" whispered Frank. "There will be grand news from the front very soon. That is what I am waiting for."

Then we understood him. The window looks towards the south, and commands a view of the road leading to the village, ten miles away. And it was there he sat when he died.

You must know that here on the Heights we get the news but once a week. We are on the high road where travelers pass. The half-dozen farmers who live on the Heights with us, like us, go the village on Saturdays, the common market-day. Then we get the weekly newspaper which is issued in the village on Friday morning, and contains all the events of the week that is past.

Frank slept none on Thursday night, and Friday morning early he asked that Philip he sent to the village for *The Republican*.

It was afternoon when Philip returned. Frank sat by the open window, gazing earnestly down the road. It was a beautiful day. The air was as balmy as June, and the birds were flying about and twittering joyfully in the trees.

Presently Philip came in sight around the bend of the road. He was waving his hand, and his face was as bright as the sun, and seemed to be shouting something, but we could not hear.

The orchard shut him from view a minute after, and I ran down stairs to meet him at the gate and get *The Republican*.

"Victory!" cried Philip. "Victory!"

I devoured the news with quick eyes, and then ran up stairs to Frank, and knelt by his chair.

"Dear husband," said I, "the news is grand. Do you think you can bear to hear it?"

"Mary," said he, "I shall never be stronger than I am this hour. It is my last. Tell me the good news. I have waited long for it."

Amidst my tears I read the news. Richmond was evacuated and our troops occupied it. Jeff Davis was flying for his life, and Lee's whole army had surrendered to Grant. An order had been issued to stop recruiting and drafting.

He listened with closed eyes, an expression of unutterable happiness on his white face.

"Glorious!" he murmured, when I had done. "The night is past. Dear wife, I am happy now. I know I should live to see this dawn."

An hour later he passed away. I sat at his feet, clasping his hand in both of mine.

"Mary," he whispered, "you know the legacy I leave to you. He is too young to understand now, but as he grows up teach him its priceless value. The day will come when he will be prouder to know that his father died one of the martyrs in freedom's cause than he would be if I had made him heir to millions. I was a soldier, too! I wore the army blue."

His breath came fainter and fainter. His hand grew lifeless in my clasp. He rose up in his chair, gazed with brilliant eyes at the window toward the south, waved his bony hand in the air, and fell back upon the cushions. I touched his cold forehead with my trembling lips, and heard his last faint whisper.

"Mary—don't forget!—I wore the blue!"

And he was one of many.

God's Love Inexhaustible.

Suppose a meadow in which a million daisies open their bosoms all at one time to the sun. On one of them, while it is yet a bud, a little stone has fallen. At once crushed and overshadowed, it still struggles bravely against all odds to expand its petals like the rest. For many days this effort is continued without success. The tiny stone (a mighty rock in your flower) squats on the breast, and sends up a single sunbeam. At length the flower stalk, having gathered strength by its constant exertion, acquires force enough to overbalance the weight, and tosses the intruder off. Up springs the daisy with a bound; and in an instant another flower is added to the vast multitude which in that meadow drink their fill of sunlight.

The sun in the heaven is not incommenced by the additional demand. The new comer receives into its open cup as many sunbeams as it would have received although no other flower had grown in all the meadow—in all the earth. Thus the sun, finite though it be, helps us to understand the absolute infinitude of its maker. When an immortal being, long crushed and turned away by a load of sin, at length, through the power of a new spiritual life, throws off the burden, and opens with a bound to receive a heavenly Father's long-expected but rejected love, the giver is not impoverished by the new demand upon his kindness. Although a thousand millions should arise and go to the Father, each would receive as much of that Father's love as if he alone of all fallen creatures had come back reconciled to God.—*Rev. William Arnold.*

System and Economy in Families.

There is a far more depending on a well-ordered household than a vast majority of married women would seem to believe. In looking around we see on every side how much system and order, I began married life early, my husband had no other income to rely upon than the labor of his own hands. We lived in a small house, having attached to it a small garden. Providence blessed us with health. My duties multiplied by means of years; but they were carefully laid down and punctually performed. We rose early, breakfasted, dined, and supped at exact hours, as most families do. Every hour in the day had its allotted duty or arrangement, and every thing was done in accordance with it. By this means a perfect system was maintained, reducing the labor of a family nearly one-half; and in this way I had ample time for reading, receiving, and returning visits, out-door exercise, etc. Expenditures in every department were made carefully; and thus while we wanted for nothing which persons in moderate circumstances needed, there was an exact account kept of the amount of income and outlay, and we made it a point always to keep safe on the right side. By degrees our pecuniary means increased; capital was supplied for a more extended business on the part of my husband, and profits augmented until we were well-to-do, and may say an abundant share of this world's goods. My husband and I unite, however, in the conviction that this fortunate result of circumstances is mainly owing to the system and economy established in our young married career, and the smiles of providence upon our industry and our efforts to perform our duty in every relation of life.

The great error committed by young housekeepers is the thoughtless and unnecessary expenditure of money which they cannot afford, perhaps in imitation of extravagant neighbors; and in young husbands wasting their time in visiting play-houses, billiard-rooms, club-rooms, worthless exhibitions, parades, and other places of resort, instead of remaining at home with their wives and families, enjoying domestic comforts, which will in the end be found to be more enduring and satisfying than all the rest combined.

Young wives, also, should find their highest happiness in their homes—in meeting and welcoming their husbands to the spot which ought to be their mutual paradise; and I am clearly of opinion that their safest road to prosperity is in establishing and observing strict system and economy.—*Germanian Telegraph.*

A Defense of Whist.

Whist, in a pre-eminent degree, exacts the exercise of a large range of faculties, of faculties, too, of which the mind is dissimilarly endowed. It is very common to hear a preference accorded to chess over whist, on the ground that in chess no element of chance enters, and that the whole conflict of the game is resolvable to mathematical certainty. Now, it is precisely for this very difference that we claim the superiority for whist. It is in this same element of chance that whist so closely resembles real life. It is in this same element of what may or may not be that we have a field for the exercise of those powers which calculate probabilities, and argue from the likely or unlikely, and draw conclusions from premises not absolutely certain, but still as probable as are the greater number of the accomplished events in our actual lives.

If there be a game which sets the fine edge of the reasoning powers of the man of the world—of him who is to be conversant with the daily incidents of life, and those who set them in motion—it is whist. Show me a first-rate whist player, and I will engage to show you a man to whose knowledge of the world, to whose taste, to whose powers of computing the cost of any action, and striking the balance of advantage or disadvantage, I could not apply in a moment of doubt or difficulty. Show me a first-rate whist player, and you show me one who combines patient powers of a judicial order with the energetic rapidity of a man of action, who has the keenest appreciation of the laws of evidence, along with the steady courage of the soldier, and whose balanced intellect no undue prominence is ever accorded to one class of faculties at the expense of another.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Christianity and Woman.

In the relations of Jesus with women, they seem irresistibly attracted toward him, with hearts moved, imaginations struck by his manner of life, his precepts, his miracles, his power, his love, his sympathy with feelings of tender respect, and confiding admiration. The Canaanitish woman comes and addresses to him a timid prayer for the healing of her daughter. The woman of Samaria listens to him with eagerness, though she does not know him. Mary seats herself at his feet, absorbed in reflection, suggested by his words; and Martha proffers to him the frank complaint that her sister assists her not, but leaves her unaided in the performance of her domestic duties. The sinner draws near to him in tears, pouring upon his feet a rare perfume, and wiping them with her hair. The adulteress, hurried into his presence by those who wished to stone her, in accordance with the precepts of the Mosaic Law, remains motionless in his presence, even after her accusers have withdrawn, awaiting in silence what he is about to say. Jesus receives the homage and listens to the prayers of all these women with the gentle gravity and impartial sympathy of a being superior and strange to earthly passion. Pure and inflexible interpreter of the divine law, he knows and understands human nature, and judges it with that equitable severity which nothing escapes—the excuse as little as the fault.

An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor. "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

President Lincoln an Inventor.

Occupying an ordinary and commonplace position in one of the show-cases in the large hall of the patent office, is one little model which in ages to come will be prized as at once one of the most curious, and one of the most sacred relics, in that vast museum of plain and simple model of a steamboat roughly fashioned in wood by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. It bears date in 1849, when the inventor was known simply as a successful lawyer and rising politician of Central Illinois. Neither his practice nor his politics took up so much of his time at to prevent him from giving much attention to contrivances which he hoped might be of benefit to the world and of profit to himself.

The design of this invention is suggestive of one phase of Abraham Lincoln's early life, when he went up and down the Mississippi as a flat-boatman, and became familiar with some of the dangers and inconveniences attending the navigation of the western rivers. It is an attempt to make it an easy matter to transport vessels over shoals and snags and sawyers. The main idea is that of an apparatus resembling a noseless bellows, placed on each side of the hull of the craft just below the water line, and worked by an old but complicated system of ropes, valves, and pulleys. When the keel of the vessel strikes against the sand or obstruction, these bellows are to be filled with air—and thus buoyed up, the ship is expected to float lightly and easily over the shoal which would otherwise have proved a serious interruption to her voyage. The model, which is about eighteen or twenty inches long, and has the air of having been whittled with a knife out of a shingle and a cigar box, is built without any elaboration or ornament, or any extra apparatus beyond that necessary to show the operation of buoying the steamer over the obstructions.

Herein it differs from very many of the models which share with it the shelter of the immense halls of the patent office, and which are fashioned with wonderful nicety and exquisite finish, as if much of the labor and thought and affection of a lifetime had been devoted to their construction. This is a model of a different kind; carved, as one might imagine a retired railsplitter would whittle, strongly, but not smoothly, and evidently made with a view solely to convey, by the simplest possible means, to the minds of the patent authorities an idea of the purpose and plan of the simple invention. The label on the steamer's deck informs us that the patent was obtained—but we do not learn that the navigation of the western rivers was revolutionized by this quaint conception. The modest little model has reposed here sixteen years, and since it found its resting place on the shelf, the shrewd inventor has found it his task to guide the ship of state over shoals more perilous and obstructions more obstinate than any prophet dreamed of when Abraham Lincoln wrote his bold autograph on the prow of this miniature steamer.

In the adjoining hall of the patent office rest the camp chest, the uniform, the staff of Washington, the printing press of Franklin, the mantle of Jackson. There hangs the Declaration of Independence. To this final and fitting resting place, and out of its present surroundings of impracticable dish-washing machines, amazing arrangements for stopping runaway horses, and original ideas for the improvement of children's rattles, we may trust this specimen of the handwork and ingenuity of the man who saved his country and gave up his life in the fruition of the task may presently be removed.—*Cor. Boston Advertiser.*

A Gipsy Queen.

She was a tall, graceful creature, with her step and bearing of a queen; and her features, strikingly handsome, were stamped with an expression of native dignity that might well have become a Cleopatra. Her picturesque dress—the antique pattern of which carried the imagination back to the palmy days of ancient Egypt—was arranged with considerable care, so as to display her graceful figure to the best advantage. Her well rounded arms, naked from the shoulder, were ornamented, both above and below the elbow, with armlets of a strange antique pattern, which, for all we know to the contrary, may have been coeval with the pyramids—beir-looms, perhaps, handed down from mother to daughter since the days of Choepher. Her glossy black hair, braided with a profusion of gold ornaments; and her flowing robe, of a rich brown color, was edged down the front and round the bottom with a broad crimson border covered with strange hieroglyphic figures, embroidered in black. A handsome girdle, also covered with hieroglyphics, encircled her waist, and her feet were shod with sandals, richly ornamented with silver studs. As she sailed past at the head of her tribe, and returned our salutations with a graceful inclination of the body, I thought I had never beheld a more noble looking creature.—*Indiana Journal.*

He is up at dawn. In fact, everybody rises early in France. There is more business done before 10 o'clock in Paris than there is in London before 11. There are two places where breakfast may be had—the *cremerie* and the soup shop. Some excellent coffee, with milk, costs less than one and a quarter penny, and the bread, with butter, one penny. For dinner the soup will cost one and a half penny; the plate of meat two pence, half a bottle of wholesome wine four pence, or a quarter of a bottle, two pence, and all of really good quality. In many places they give soup, a piece of mutton, or *beef a la mode*, bread, and half a bottle of wine for sixty centimes, or about eleven cents of our money.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cucumbers.

A correspondent of *The Rural New Yorker*, "A. J. W." gives the following directions for raising cucumbers:

"Take a tight barrel with one head, and make some eight or ten holes, at the hinge of the barrel, with a small bit—say 2 of an inch—and sink the barrel in the ground level with the surface of the ground. Then fill the barrel with stones up as high as the holes, and put on about 4 inches of straw; then fill the barrel with good, rich loam, and fill the barrel up with water and plant plenty of seed so that you can thin them out to six or eight stalks. In case of drouth put a pail of water in the barrel at once a week. I raised off three barrels of pickles, and if they are well watered, through bearing season, they will bear well until the frost kills the vines.

"One needs a scaffold to let the vines run on. Say take four poles, ten feet long, and set them about four feet apart with one end on the ground, and raise the other some five feet high with pieces of lath or brush laid across, and I will insure that you will have no crooked cucumbers."

The department of agriculture is just in the receipt from Japan of a sample of sugar cane, somewhat resembling sorghum, for propagation and testing in this climate. It is cut in sections of three joints, one of which is planted in a hill, thus growing from layers instead of seeds. It was forwarded by Thomas Hogg, esq., an officer of this government, at Yokohama, who deems it worthy of trial in this climate. He says it is extensively grown there, especially on the island of Kinsiu, and thinks it will succeed here wherever Indian corn comes to maturity. It is thought that the peculiarity of its propagation should insure its success. It would give it an important advantage over sorghum, preventing hybridizing with millets, and consequent deterioration. A large portion of it was destroyed in the long voyage, but enough is sound, and already sprouting, to enable the department, a year or two hence, to make a distribution of it.

Manuring Fruit Trees.

Many fruit trees are somewhat exotic in particular parts of our country, and therefore should be as such treated. At least in degree. Fermenting manures are not proper for fruit trees. Those of the stable and barn-yard should never come in contact with the trees of a fruit garden. They are less dangerous in open apple orchards; but even there should not be used around young trees, as they cause rapid, soft, and irregular formed trees. The inorganic manures may be used with much greater safety and with better results. Moderate doses of lime, more generous ones of wood ashes, are always profitable. Phosphates of all kinds are useful, if free from putrescent matter. Even Peruvian guano, if applied at all, should be slightly dug in late in the fall, so as to become thoroughly divided by winter rains, and before reaching the spongy layers which are newly formed in early spring growth. Should Peruvian guano be applied in the spring, the tree is likely to suffer from its reaching the roots before it is modified by perfect divisions in the soil.

Soap Suds.

A writer in *The Germanian Telegraph* says: The value of this article as a stimulant of vegetable life cannot be too highly appreciated. It contains the aliment of plants in a state of ready solution, and, when applied, acts not only with immediate and obvious effect, but with a sustaining energy which pertains to few even of the most concentrated manures. When it is not convenient to apply it in irrigation—the most economical method, perhaps, of using it—it should be absorbed by some material which may be used as an ingredient in the compost heap. Dry soil, muck, and other similar articles, should be deposited where the suds from the sink and laundry may find its way to them, and be absorbed for the benefit of crops. In this way several loads of manure, suitable for the support and maintenance of any crop, may be made at comparatively small expense. The highly putrescent character of this fermentable liquid qualifies it admirably for irrigation of compost heaps, of whatever material composed. Being a potent fertilizer, it must, of necessity, impart additional richness to almost any material to which it may be added. Try it and mark the results.

Peter Henderson of Jersey City, a noted propagator, gives a simple mode of raising plants from cuttings, such as roses, verbenas, carnations, etc., adapted to experienced cultivators, although not the mode used on an extended scale. A common flower-pot saucer, or even a common kitchen saucer or other dish, is filled with sand, and the cuttings thickly inserted in it. It is then watered until it becomes about as liquid as mud. The cuttings should be of course be green or unripened wood, three or four inches long, placed in a strong light in a room or greenhouse, kept in a temperature of 50 to 80 degrees, but the best at 70 to 75 degrees, allowed to remain from ten to twenty days till rooted, and the sand kept constantly in this semi-fluid state, for if they become partly dry they are entirely ruined.

I would say to all persons intending to build a new hog pen not to build a granary over or adjoining it. As I have known two cases where grain and such places has become so impregnated by the effluvia of the hogs as to be unfit for human food, and I doubt the propriety of makings hogs eat grain so saturated with the steam arising from their wet and warm apartments, and I doubt if pork thus fattened can be fit to eat, in such damp and dark rooms, where the sun and winds have no purifying influence. A hint may be sufficient.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE CONSERVER.

The State Agricultural College. The members of the board of directors of the state agricultural college met on last week, Monday, at the executive department at the capitol, for the purpose of organization. The following members were present.

Wm. L. Ames, of St. Paul, term one year.

K. N. Guileau, of Dakota County, term three years.

Jabez Brooks, of Red Wing, term three years.

H. Hill, of Glencoe, term four years.

Dr. T. T. Mann, president state agricultural society, member ex-officio.

After subscribing to the oath of office as required by the act, the board proceeded to organize by the election of the following officers:

President—Gov. S. Miller.

Secretary—Henry Hill, of Glencoe.

Treasurer—K. N. Guileau, of West St. Paul.

Gov. Miller being absent, Dr. Mann was chosen chairman pro tem.

On motion, it was ordered that the treasurer give bonds in the sum of \$5,000.

Messrs. Guileau and Hill were appointed a committee to prepare necessary rules for the government of the board, and report at the next meeting.

On motion of Mr. Brooks, it was

Resolved, That a committee of correspondence be appointed by the board, to consist of two persons, whose duty it shall be to draw up and report, at a subsequent meeting of the board, a plan of organization of an agricultural college.

Resolved, That they be and are hereby authorized to send for such papers and documents from the different agricultural colleges of the country as may be necessary to aid them in making such report.

The committee appointed consists of Dr. Mann and Rev. Jabez Brooks.

The board then adjourned to meet at Glencoe, on June 3d, 1866, for the purpose of examining the grounds designated for the farm and site of the college.

We understand that it is the design of the board to proceed with the erection of the buildings and organization of the college and farm as soon as it can possibly be done. At the last session of the legislature \$5,000 were appropriated for a commencement of the work.

Pensions.

The following items should be preserved, as showing to whom pensions may be granted. Those entitled to pensions are:

1. Invalids disabled since March 4th, 1801, in the military or naval service of the United States, while in the line of duty.

2. Widows of officers, soldiers, and seamen who have died of wounds received, or disease contracted in the service as above.

3. Children under sixteen years of age, of either of the aforesaid deceased parents, if there is no widow surviving, or from the time of the widow's re-marriage.

4. Mothers of officers, soldiers, or seamen, deceased as aforesaid, and who were dependent on the son for support, in whole or in part.

5. Sisters under sixteen years of age, dependent on said deceased brother, wholly or in part for support, provided there are none of the last three classes above mentioned.

Invalids and friends of deceased soldiers are reminded that in order to have said pensions commence when the service terminated, the application thereof must be made within a year of the discharge of the invalid, or decease of the officer, soldier, seaman, or as the case may be.

Rates of pensions—lieutenants colonel and officers of high rank, \$30 per month; major \$25 per month; captain \$20 per month; first lieutenant, \$17; second lieutenant, \$16 per month; enlisted men, \$8 per month. Only one full pension will be allowed to the relative of a deceased soldier, and in the order of precedence, as above given.

When a Spaniard eats a peach or a pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blessed, and bless the land that administered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good, or better, than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who baes under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.

In a recent bill of fare of a first-class New York hotel some curious fellow who had to wait for his ordered course of fish, ten different styles of potatoes, twelve forms of beef steak, ten descriptions of ice cream, seventeen kinds of fruit, etc., etc., in all an aggregate of two hundred and thirty-six articles for dinner, and yet we wag a hat that somebody rose from that table complaining that there was really "nothing to eat."

The notorious rebel spy, Belle Boyd, has come to grief in England. She has been turned penniless out of her hotel, and the landlord retained her baggage as security for her bill. She has also parted with her jewelry and is in a state of great destitution. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

A correspondent writes to know how much the waste of time measures round.

Mexican Emigration Scheme.

There can be no harm in associations of enterprising and muscular young men being formed for carrying out a scheme of peaceful emigration to Mexico.

There is plenty of room for any number of emigrants in that country, as there is in our great West. The difference is something in climate, and very much more in the political and social state of things that await the adventurer in Mexico. This, we presume, emigrants understand full well. Let us also hope they understand that it is not the time for volunteer missions designed for the regeneration of Mexico, Nicaragua, Cuba, Japan, or any other differently-governed community. There is a class of mischief-making journalists bent, at the present time, on presenting visionary schemes of military adventure to tickle visionary and thoughtless young men who may think of settling in Mexico. They are no friends of the government of the United States, and no friends of our discharged volunteers.

They are mainly intended to be influenced—those who propose such irresponsible and apparently patriotic discourses may be indulged in respecting the French invasion of Mexico. But those who urge filibustering enterprises at this crisis, whether they are friends of the Mexican republic or not, are enemies of the United States.—N. Y. Times.

There are now 335,000 muskets in the arsenal. A shipment of eight hundred gun-stocks and a lot of other parts for repairing guns, was made to the Washington arsenal. The tower on the arsenal, which has been closed against visitors and undergoing repairs since last fall, is now open to all who have a "pass." The number of visitors at the arsenal multiplies daily. Fifteen hundred of the two thousand hands discharged have received their pay, to whom \$300,000 have been disbursed. They pay off at the rate of two hundred men per day. A street rumor, which is generally credited, to the effect that an order has been received for the discharge of three hundred more men, has no foundation in fact.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

John M. Botts, of Virginia, is stated, employed a part of his time during the war in writing a book, which he proposes to publish, entitled "A History of the Secession Movement, and its public and secret advocates, North and South, since the days of Calhoun." When Mr. Botts was thrown into prison, Jeff. Davis sought to obtain possession of the manuscript, but the author refused to surrender it unless Davis would agree to publish it. The publication he desired because it would produce a revolution, in which he could take part. Davis did not agree to the terms; the war being over, Botts proposes to publish it on his own account. There is some talk of connecting this gentleman with the restoration movement in Virginia.

A writer in *The New Englander* for April says: There is no spot on this continent which has produced so many eminent men, literary, intellectually, and practical, in proportion to its inhabitants, as the state of Connecticut.

Mr. Calhoun once remarked that he had seen the time when the natives of Connecticut, including the graduates of Yale, wanted but five of making a majority of Congress. De Tocqueville at a Paris dinner, once said: "Connecticut, the little yellow spot, on the map, that make de clock peddler, de school-master, and de senator. De first give you time; the second tell you what to do with him; and the third make you a law and civilization. Ah! gentlemen, that little yellow state you call Connecticut is one very great miracle to me."

A scene recently took place, at a Paris wedding, in which the refining influences of love and French politeness combined to produce a very charming picture. The bridegroom, an honest and industrious locksmith, was undressed, and when called on to sign the register, marked a cross. The bride, on the contrary, although belonging to a poor family, had received an excellent education, and when the pen was passed to her, she also signed a cross. The bride, a former school-fellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied: "Would you have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence teaching him to read and write."

A novel method of smuggling was recently discovered in Port Colborne, C. W., a few days since. Eleven barrels, purporting to contain Ohio flour, were shipped from St. Catharines, to Port Colborne. The agent at the latter place could not find the consignment, and the flour lay in the warehouse. One of the barrels was accidentally opened, when it was found to contain bottles of gin packed in bran. An examination proved the flour to be similarly filled. The design was to have the barrels shipped to Buffalo as Ohio flour sent to Canada in mistake, and thus escape the heavy duties on imported liquors.

So successfully does the money-order office work that it has been greatly enlarged. One hundred and thirty money-orders were established on the first of November last. On the first of June two hundred and eighty more will be established. The amount of money-orders issued last quarter was \$588,462.24, on which government received about \$5,000. There are about \$40,000 constantly lying in the hands of postmaster subject to call.

The Dr. Blackburn arrested in St. Louis, on Friday, for alleged complicity in the conspiracy to murder Mr. Lincoln, is the same person who attempted to bring the yellow fever from the West India islands to our northern cities, and thus destroy the masses of our people. He will probably receive his deserts.

Proclamation.

By the President of the United States: WHEREAS, by proclamation of the President, on the 11th day of April last, certain parts of the United States therein specified, which had previously been subject to blockade, were for objects of public safety declared, in conformity with previous special legislation of Congress, to be closed against foreign commerce; and

WHEREAS, Events and circumstances have since occurred which in my judgment render it expedient to remove that restriction except as to the ports of Galveston, Lavaca, Brazos, De Santiago, Point Isabel, and Brownsville, in the state of Texas;

I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby declare that the ports aforesaid, not excepted as above, shall be open to foreign commerce from and after the first of July, and that commercial intercourse with said ports may from that time be carried on, subject to the laws of the United States and in pursuance of such regulations as may be prescribed by the secretary of the treasury. If, however, any vessel from a foreign port shall enter any of the before-named excepted ports in the state of Texas, she will continue to be held liable to the penalties prescribed by the act of Congress approved on the 13th of July, 1861, and persons on board of her to such penalties as may be incurred pursuant to the laws of war, for trading or attempting to trade with the enemy.

I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known that the United States of America do henceforth disavow to all persons trading or attempting to trade in violation of the laws thereof, all belligerent rights and privileges, and I give notice from the date of this proclamation that all such offenders will be held and dealt with as pirates.

It is also declared that all restrictions upon trade heretofore imposed in the territory of the United States east of the Mississippi River—save those relating to contraband of war, to reservation of rights of the United States to property purchases in the territory of the enemy, and to 25 percentum upon purchases of cotton—are removed. All the provisions of the internal revenue law will be carried into effect upon proper officers. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 22d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the independence of the United States of America the 89th.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President.

W. HUNTER, Asst. Sec. of State.

Jeff. Davis Hanging.

An officer in the United States army, whose authority in such a case can not be questioned, gives leave to publish the following account of what he heard Jeff. Davis say just before the breaking out of the war.

"I heard Mr. Davis utter the following words in a southern town where he delivered an address in November, 1860. I did not hear the whole speech, only the words quoted, as I passed the crowd of listeners:

"What! coerce a sovereign state! attempt to deprive us of our most inalienable rights!"

"Let Mr. Lincoln try it or Mr. Douglas either and we will hang them both like Haman, and the only difference I should make would be that [humorously] as Mr. Lincoln is considerably taller than Mr. Douglas, we should have to build his gibbet [standing on his toes and reaching up his hand] a little higher than that for Mr. Douglas."

James C. Johnson, one of the wealthiest men in the South died on the 12th inst. at his home near Edenton, in North Carolina. He disinherited all his relatives because they left him and caused the rebellion.

His property, amounting to many millions of dollars, he left to a few personal friends. His immense possessions, on the Roanoke River, comprise the richest lands in the country. At the outbreak of the rebellion, he told his slaves, numbering nearly a thousand, that the war would make them free, and that they could remain with him or go where they pleased. He was a personal friend of Henry Clay, whose indebtedness, which amounted to over thirty thousand dollars, Mr. Johnson is said to have canceled without Mr. Clay's knowledge, who was never able to ascertain who his benefactor was. He was about eighty years of age when he died, and was a devoted union man up to the hour of his death.

A lawyer in Hollidaysburg, Pa., was employed by a lady to make her will, in which she disposed of about \$40,000, mostly in real estate in New York, and judgments against parties in Philadelphia and St. Louis. The lawyer was bequeathed \$10,000 on condition that he at once collected the debts and turned all the property into money. After visiting these cities in a fruitless chase after the alleged property, he returned to find the lady was a lunatic who had a monomania for bequeathing property which she did not possess.

The *Trey Times* says that a few days ago, a well known and popular writer on a general, sold \$1,150 in gold. He has had it for four years—saw it rise from par to 285—but did not avail himself of the golden opportunity to sell. He disposed of it at 120.

In the Tennessee senate they are debating a measure to deny all rights of citizenship, for six years, to those who have borne arms in the rebellion.

Caterpillars threaten greater havoc in the eastern states than last year, when whole orchards and even districts were destroyed.

A Reminiscence of Mr. Lincoln.

On the day of the receipt of the capitulation of Lee, as we learn from the intimate with the late President Lincoln, the cabinet meeting was held an hour earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member was able, for a time, to give utterance to his feelings. At the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln, all dropped on their knees, and offered in silence and in tears their humble and heartfelt acknowledgments to the Almighty, for the triumph He had granted to the national cause. The same day, in the afternoon, as we learn from the same source, the President was in a frame of mind peculiarly happy.

To his wife he said: "The war is now about over; we have had a long and wearisome four years' siege, and we must travel a little this summer and recruit. It must be without fuss or display. You must write Bob that he must come home and resign his captaincy, and go to his books. Let him prepare to earn his living as I did, depending on his own hands and brains."

On the morning of the day of his death, kindred conversations were held as to the manner of spending a portion of the summer, and what disposition should be made of "Bob" and "Tad," as he used to call his two sons, Robert and Thaddeus.—Western Christian Advocate.

Graphic.

A ledge of plumbago, superior to any heretofore found in the state, has just been discovered in the vicinity of this city. This is not the common, dirty plumbago found everywhere in the state, but it is a most superior article. Slabs two feet in length can easily be obtained. The best Faber pencils are not equal to the raw plumbago taken from this mine. The vein is six feet in width. We saw a slab yesterday, sawn from a block of the ore—tried it upon different qualities of paper, and must say that it is of a far smoother and better quality as dug from the mine than the best English pencils. Finer material for pencils certainly cannot be found in the world. The black lead, plumbago, graphite, or whatever you may be pleased to call it—all these names being proper—is as fine and solid as so much pine plank, and may be sawed into pencils of any size or shape. The best means for obtaining the ore is found in England, and very high prices were formerly paid for the crude mineral. We might say much more of the various localities in which it is found, and of the processes by which the mineral is manufactured into pencils, but we presume it would be nothing new to the majority of our readers.—No Ad Enterprise.

How to Read Thackeray.

Thackeray's stories are not to be read indiscriminately, as many of them are continuations of earlier works. No one can properly appreciate the *Novels* without having read *Pendennis*; and to understand *Philip*, the reader must not only be familiar with *The Virginians*, but must go back to *A Shabby Gentleman*, a small but very able work of which *Philip* is the continuation and completion. To enjoy the *Virginians*, the reader must have read *Emmond*, the brothers Warrington being grandsons of Henry Emmond. Were we directing a person who had never read any of Thackeray's works how to peruse them so as to enjoy them most, we should name *Vanity Fair* as first to be read, then *Pendennis*, and then *The Virginians*, and then *Emmond* and *The Virginians*, though the last two might be read even before *Vanity Fair*, as the George Warrington of *Pendennis* and *The Virginians* is descended from the eldest of the *Virginians*. A *Shabby Gentleman* and *Philip* should then be read; and afterwards the reader could do as he should think proper, with little chance of doing wrong and certain to have much enjoyment from his reading.—Buffalo Com. Adv.

"I cannot forget pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord of Ingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all persons, on all and every occasion. Never forget, then, that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear good mother—say a hard or hasty thing to anybody in her life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but my father, it is a misfortune which has been sufficient to restrain in my youth, has given me more trouble to subvert this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

The man who wrote the four simple lines, beginning with, "Now I lay me down to sleep," seemed to do a very little thing. He wrote four lines for his little child. His name has not come down to us, but he has done more for the good of this race, than if he had commanded the victorious army at Waterloo. The little fires which the good man kindles here and there on the shores of time, never go out; but ever and anon the flame up, and throw light on the heavenly path, and with a bright and heavenly glow, warms his heart even into cheerfulness. There is hardly anything so fearful to my mind reaching down the coming age, as writing itself, for evil upon the minds of unborn generations.—Chapin.

The *Wheeling Intelligencer* thinks that for Jeff. Davis, who never sat down or rose up in his life, except as if he had a painful ramrod inside the vertebral column—to put on his wife's dress before the eyes of his camp followers, and bid them all good-by, and strike out into the open country toward the woods, the hoopless skirts flapping about his boot-tops, and his old sun-bonnet tightly tied on his head, and a scant pattern of a bonnet at that, must have, as A. Ward would say, "drag into his feelings in a rending manner."

Gen. Pope and Minnesota.

A correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial*, in the course of an article vindicating Gen. Pope from the aspersion of *The St. Paul Press*, says:

The truth is, and *The Press* knows it, there is not, and there has not been for two years, within the borders of Minnesota, a single organized band of hostile Sioux. Skulkers and marauders there doubtless may have been; and outrages and murders ascribed to Indians, more than once, (instance the Big Woods), have been proven on white men.

Amid a great deal of too-eager assertion, *The Press* is careful not to specify any outbreak, nor give dates, names, and places. I will supply the deficiency. A second-hand breed, who enlisted in one of our regiments, and served in Tennessee, was there court-martialed for robbery, escaped, returned to Minnesota, where, a few weeks since, with aid of some accomplices, a-tered to be Indians, he robbed and murdered a family near Mankato, and was promptly caught and hung by the neighbors, who thus have "peace and security to their borders."

You are perfectly aware, Messrs. Editors, that there is always a party—bold, noisy and unscrupulous—who look up on an Indian war as a brilliant institution, one that should be carefully fostered. You know how the thing is managed, and that, in Florida, a dozen or two of contractors, with aid of some "press"—free and independent, of course—kept up for ten years against a handful of Seminoles, who were always "making their appearance, as in Minnesota, not only at unexpected, but at expected times and places.

Brigham Young's Early Rising Exercise.

A correspondent of *The Auburn Advertiser* tells the following story in connection with an old well in Aurelius, Cayuga County, N. Y.

"As an episode in the history of this remarkable well in Aurelius, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to state that Brigham Young, the apostle of Mormonism, assisted at the windlass in hoisting the loosened debris from the well. About this time Brigham took unto himself a wife, by marrying a beautiful and enchanting girl, the daughter of Joseph Works, esq. Although quite young at the time, yet we remember the great impetus very well, and have not forgotten the numerous scuffles between him and his lady during the hours of intermission at school. Brigham was always attempting to steal a kiss, and she would struggle to deprive him of the delicious pleasure. After a short struggle she would seem to become exhausted, and then her little head, with its rich wealth and luxuriant curls, would fall gracefully upon his bosom, and then—she would be a beautiful boy—she would close her eyes, and we only heard sounds resembling the rapid discharge of potato-poppers. When the sounds ceased, and we again opened our eyes, we saw a blush of modesty tinged her cheeks, but she returned no word of complaint, and serenely seated her much wronged little self upon the harsh bed of the log school house. At that time, we thought Brigham a bold, wicked, and cruel man, to take such advantage of a frail modest little girl. But we have since become a wiser and better man."

Bankrupt Rebels.

All the leading rebel generals are bankrupt. Union officers are lending them money to get home. Kirby Smith, who thought more of cotton than of the confederacy, is almost the only one of them who has any means. A correspondent says: A little incident, showing the condition to which rebel officers are reduced, took place here yesterday. Col. Hayward, of Wilmington, being paroled, and desiring to get his trunk in the depot, looked around for a boy to carry it. Not one was to be found who was willing to take without a quarter, he was compelled to carry the trunk himself. Such scenes are quite common now among the paroled officers; their servants having gone and left them. Col. Hayward said he was an unfortunate man—some of Wheeler's cavalry having robbed him of his watch, horse and equipments, and all he possessed of value.

When the rebel officers get in the cars the private do not offer them a seat, but compel them to stand. Private officers are on an equal footing now. There is but little courtesy between the two.

At the Congressional reunion in New York, Mr. Tilton read the following extract from a letter received from Chief Justice Chase:—"I would like to say to the Christians who shall assemble at your reunion an earnest word to the present great national duty of granting to the freedmen of the South the right of self-protection by the ballot."

My late acquaintance on this subject with the good President whom we have lost was on the morning of the black day, and I may say he was nearer right on this subject according to my views of right, on that last day of his life, than any other day before. Our new President, I have the happiness to say, is a man whose democracy is as broad as the democracy of the Declaration of Independence."

By experiment made at Calcutta it is proved that large quantities of tea seed may be converted into profitable use. Oil, it appears, can be extracted from the tea seed, three maunds of seed yielding about one maund of oil. The product resembles olive oil.

There is trouble among the Mormons. Joe Smith's son disputes Brigham Young's authority as chief priest and ruler.

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, the 9th day of March A. D. 1865. Present Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of William Tilting praying for reasons set forth in said petition for a decree of this court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of Gustaf Korhage, late of said county of Dakota, deceased, intestate, to make and execute a conveyance to said petitioner of the following described real estate lying and being situated in the county of Dakota aforesaid, to-wit: commencing at the south-east corner of the south-east quarter of section nine (9), in township twenty-seven (27) north, and range thirty-two degrees (32'), east eight chains and thirteen links, thence north thirty-four degrees east, three chains, and four links, thence east seventeen chains and fifty links, and thence south ten chains to the place of beginning.

On filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 20th day of June A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day. It is further ordered that the time and place of hearing said petition be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings, once in each week for six successive weeks prior to said 20th day of June A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of Sarah Mary Dow, the widow of Joseph F. Dow, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition to have John White appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 1st day of June, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 1st day of June, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of Hannah Armstrong, the widow of Thomas Armstrong, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition to have John Candler, jr., appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 30th day of May, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of Hannah Armstrong, the widow of Thomas Armstrong, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition to have John Candler, jr., appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 30th day of May, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of Hannah Armstrong, the widow of Thomas Armstrong, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition to have John Candler, jr., appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 30th day of May, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of Hannah Armstrong, the widow of Thomas Armstrong, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition to have John Candler, jr., appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 30th day of May, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865. Present Seagrave Smith, judge. In the matter of the petition of Hannah Armstrong, the widow of Thomas Armstrong, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition to have John Candler, jr., appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said 30th day of May, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.